

A R P A S I A ;

OR, THE

W A N D E R E R.

A

N O V E L.

By the AUTHOR of the NABOB.

In THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

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M DCC LXXXVI.

ARPASIA;

OR, THE WANDERER.

CHAP. XLVI.

Melancholy Reflections.

ARPASIA painfully regretted the apparent defection from virtue in her early friend—She longed to find her—to clear up the doubts and jealousies which she much feared had driven her to those desperate measures, that must end in her total ruin—Still she hoped she might be reclaimed from error and sin; she was young, and not hacknied in the ways of

vice, pernicious counsels had been her bane—perhaps she now looked on herself as abandoned of all her family ; and that a return to the paths of innocence was impossible—“ Oh !” she cried, while she fondly pressed the infant of her once beloved Charlotte to her bosom, and watered its face with her tears—“ Oh ! that I could
“ see the unhappy creature ! — That I
“ could hear her repentant sighs— ! that I
“ could reconcile her to herself and the
“ world ! —Dearest Charlotte, must this
“ lovely babe never be taught to lisp the
“ honoured name of mother ?—Must thy
“ name ever be a stranger to her ? Shall I
“ never experience the delight of seeing
“ thee clasp the beauteous offspring of the
“ most amiable of men to a maternal bo-
“ som ?”

THUS did the amiable Arpasia pass many hours at Lady Anne Travers’s, more to her satisfaction, who secretly enjoyed “ a
“ luxury to vulgar minds unknown,” than in spending her days in society where her
heart

heart could feel no interest—but as it was necessary she should always appear with her ladyship, she sacrificed her own wishes to those of Lady Anne, which was to re-establish her in the opinion of the world.

WHEN at Hornchurch, she had ample time for reflection and meditation—but she had no dear Augusta on whom to lavish her fondness, and to be the silent witness of the grief that would sometimes find a passage through her eyes—Mrs. Travers was of a very retired turn of mind—She had not, since the death of a beloved husband mixed in a world, that now had lost the few charms it ever presented to her view—Though in the society of such a person as Arpasia, she seemed to have a chance of being both amused and edified—for to those who knew her story, she certainly had great claim to praise, for the resignation with which she had borne misfortunes, which are more easily understood by the world, because all the world knows the value of riches.

THERE are a thousand other evils that cling nearer the heart of sensibility than the privation of wealth, but as only those can feel for such, as are themselves endued with exquisite sensibility likewise, the proportion of pity is very small.

ARPASIA was singularly circumstanced with respect to situation and connection—She had no friend in the world, but those to whom she had been introduced by the one who traduced her fame—She had no tender confidant in whose faithful bosom she could repose her troubles, and meet consolation and comfort, if not relief from her unquiet thoughts. How hard this change and how swift!—it was not quite five months since she was reigning like an absolute monarch in the Castle of Hanbury, or rather like a benevolent providence dispensing happiness and pleasure to a multitude, “who blessed her upris-
“sing and down sitting”—Now behold her waiting for the payment of three thousand pounds, to establish herself in some
little

little retreat far from the “ busy haunts of
“ men” to be in obscurity, and *waste her
strengths in the desert air!*

THE allowance from her grandfather had
been from an early age five hundred a year
—but the purse of the benevolent and ge-
nerous seldom runs over—and the claims
of the indigent and distressed had pretty
well exhausted her finances—Oh! how se-
vere to such a heart, to be obliged to turn
aside from the voice of complaint, from
the look of mute anguish—to give a few
pence, where before she bestowed gold—
and to say with the tear of compassion
glittering in her eye—“ alas! I have no
“ more to give!” Mrs. Travers was a
good sort of woman; but there was no
sympathy in her feelings—absorbed in the
immediate griefs that had affected her
peace, her heart melted not at the woe of
others—unless indeed a widow wept the
death of her husband—but then compas-
sion expanded not her bosom, which would
heave with sighs—she would retire from

such scenes to her own room ; and give redoubled tears to the tomb of her lost general—never once reflecting on the many comforts she had left to counterpoise this one inevitable event of human life—while the poor wretch she turned away from, had with her beloved partner, lost every hope, every chance of support—Perhaps doomed to see the offspring of her happier days driven to a parish-house, exposed to cruelty and hardship ; no kind parent to protect and shelter them !—But of her distress, Mrs. Travers had no idea, because she had never experienced it in her own particular feelings.

ARPASIA had always been used to the kind concurrence of her grandfather—His ear was ever ready to hear her solicitations, and join with her in relief.—Lord Derville had done the same, which had been the means of perpetuating her beneficence, even though her fund for charity was circumscribed—Now she had no resource—“ she gave to misery all she had—a tear.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XLVII.

The Correspondent.

TO the infinite surprise of Arpasia a letter was brought her one day, which she saw, signed "Carberry."

It began with the most sincere sorrow that any one connected to his family should have so injuriously traduced such innocence as Arpasia possessed; and an earnest hope that it might be in the power of the principal of that family to repair the error. This was but the prelude to one of the most brilliant offers of himself to her acceptance. He laboured, he said, under the misfortune of knowing he had been once rejected; but as her reputation had suffered in the opinion of an ill-natured world, could she have it so effectually restored as by being announced to that

B 4

world

world the Countess of Carberry ? What malevolent tongue would dare, under such a sanction, whisper its aspersions, when so incontestible a proof of its fallacy had been given ? He begged her to weigh this circumstance properly, and he flattered himself her good sense would urge her to decide favourably for him, which would make him the happiest of men ; as he trusted he should, by the most exalted affection and attention, constitute her ease and tranquility likewise.

ARPASIA could not one moment hesitate about the answer she should send to his lordship. It was comprised in the politest terms of rejection, with a solemn assurance that she should never alter her state, that she had long fixed on the plan she should pursue in a very few weeks ; her retirement and little consequence in the world would soon make it forget the harshness of its censures, as it was but too much to be feared other objects equally innocent with herself would give food for the voice of detraction.

detractiōn. In the consciouſness of her own rectitude she should seek consolation ; but never could find it in an act, which, as her heart could not coincide in, her sense and reason must condemn.

THE vanity of the Earl of Carberry had really filled him with the hope that Arpasia could not resist so flattering an overture at this time ; he fancied he knew the world, and women in particular, forgetting from what schools he had drawn his learning ; he knew what the human mind was when it was debased ; in its state of innocence and nature he was totally ignorant how much it exalted the soul ; his refinement or delicacy would not have been hurt by her ready acceptance of his offer ; and from the well known depravity of a vitiated heart, it is much feared that to gratify his passion, which, even for an Arpasia, was merely personal and sensual, he would not have scrupled to have secured the possession of her, though the cruel report of an amour with his son had been

founded in truth. How mortified then must such a man be at the steady refusal this outcast of fortune had given his hopes and superb offer of himself ?

STILL deeply enamoured, he knew not how to give over his pursuit ; he even attempted not to conceal from his son his trial, and the ill success of it ; he pretended it was out of zeal to establish her character, but with an affected candour owned his firm attachment to her. Lord Derville heard him with all the agony that man could feel. How did he feel himself revived when his father repeated her foolish resolution, as he called it, of remaining for ever single. It could not be, unless she had met with some severe disappointment in love ; and then, silly girls who imagine their hearts were formed but for the admission of one lover, generally make such vows, which like many others are “ more honoured in the breach than “ the observance.”

THERE

THERE is a spark in the heart of man that is never extinct : It is *hope* ; it follows our footsteps, “nor leaves us when we die.” This latent spark the intelligence of Lord Carberry blew into a gentle flame in the breast of his son. He could not but hope that the many offers Arpasia had rejected had some other source than mere indifference to the lovers that had made the overtures—Every look of esteem, every word of kind attention that had beamed from her lovely eyes, or fallen from her beauteous lips, were now present to the memory of Lord Derville. Oh ! there was extacy in the thought that she resolved to live single, perhaps for him ! Could he but now and then see her, if only once a month, how would the time glide imperceptibly away that was between. As soon as his eyes had lost sight of her, they would fix on that point of time that would once more bless them with her loved view, and nothing else would they see. His ears, that had drank in the sound of her

B 6

heavenly.

heavenly voice, would be deaf to every other, till that again restored the sense of hearing, with the true enjoyment of it. His heart that beat only for her—no, that would still continue its vibration, and when it ceased to glow and pant for her—Oh ! might its movements be stopped for ever ! Thus did he fill his mind with delusive ideas—giving way to hopes that his situation could not authorize ; and strengthening a passion which that situation rendered dishonourable to a woman of virtue to have inspired. Nor, I fear, was Arpasia totally free from the imbecility of entertaining a more tender sentiment than friendship for his lordship. It might be truly said of her, “ she pin’d in thought.” “ She never told her love.” She dared not even whisper it to herself. What, love a married man ! Oh, what a world of woe was comprized in that one word ! ’Twas true, he was to her idea in the possession of all the virtues ; his heart, his sentiments so perfectly coincided with her own.—

Though

Though interdicted by his situation from encouraging hope; yet might she not without a crime revere the sense, the worth, the numberless good qualities he possessed? He too, like her, had been an innocent sufferer; was it reprehensible to pity him? And, though she never, never must see him again, were the tears that followed so bitter a reflection guilty ones? Deprived for ever of his pleasing converse, might not the memory of it still remain? Might not the sentences of purity and truth that received additional force from the lips that uttered them, might they not be cherished in her heart to soften the solitary hours in which she must pass her life without corrupting that integrity which they had ever recommended? Where could be the danger, where the crime, if she erected a monument for his virtues in her bosom, and sometimes watered it with her tears? If to his worth she sanctified all her thoughts, and collecting them in one point, she suffered

fered her mind to be wholly engrossed by them, reason told her she was doing wrong. She could not shut up her heart against the cries of the poor, and the distresses within the limits of her power to redress—nor would she—but when in the day she had wiped the drops of sorrow from some one's cheek, might she not in the still hour of night indulge her own unreprieved by conscience? She hoped she might—for she too plainly felt, thus she should spend many, many hours, multiplied to days, weeks, and months—nay, her whole life; for what could ever alter her opinion of him!

WHAT indeed! Who, but himself could have strength to have torn down the fabric, and broken the heart in which the corner-stone had fixed its centre? Who, but himself could have defaced the image of purity, which, with the eye of faith she beheld in the temple of virtue, and called it by his name? Who, but himself, could have taught her to feel that memory was the bitterest of all curses; and to *forget*—
the

the hardest of all sciences ? There was but one, one little speck of white to cheer her future days—and none but he—no, not the combination of the whole world besides, could have had power to cloud it over. He, in one moment, drew a sable curtain before it—and shut it from her view for ever and for ever !

CHAP.

C H A P. XLVIII.

The Overthrow of Air-built Felicity.

IN less than a week from the time that Arpasia had answered Lord Carberry's letter, another was brought her, to the handwriting of which she was a stranger.

LET the reader, if haply, young, tender, and from the rectitude of her own virtuous heart placing implicit confidence in the worth and integrity of another's—let her for one moment make the case of Arpasia more immediately her own—and let her say what would be her feelings on perusing such a letter!

“ IN what words shall I address my angelic Arpasia—how explain the ardent wishes of my heart—and how teach the most adored of women to feel compassion—Oh! more than compassion and pity,
“ to

“ to feel the inclination of according with
“ my sentiments?—Oh! most lovely, most
“ beloved Arpasia—how has my heart been
“ torn with anguish since that unhappy
“ day we parted—Never to see each other
“ again! But who has inflicted so cruel a
“ decree?—The world’s censure?—What
“ have we to do with it?—Are we not
“ innocent?—Should we then be inflicted
“ with those evils the guilty alone should
“ sustain?—Oh! beloved of my heart—
“ Dear as the vital drops which issue from
“ it, why am I ever to be debarred thy
“ loved presence?

“ My father related to me the ill success
“ which his overture received from you—
“ He was not likely to succeed, though
“ he bears his disappointment with grief
“ of heart. Forgive me that I reckon up
“ the list of those unfortunate men you
“ have within these four months rejected—
“ Forgive me too, for treasuring up in
“ my own mind the soft idea, that I am
“ not hateful to you—Your friendship,
“ your

“ your confidence have hitherto consti-
“ tuted all the comfort of my life—Oh!
“ they may do more—they may make me
“ the most blest of men!

“ My wife! she is no more my wife,
“ since her infamy is too atrocious not to
“ be noticed in a proper manner—I have
“ instituted a process, that I hope will end
“ in a divorce—But the forms of law are
“ tedious and life too short, too insecure,
“ to date our felicity from any remote pe-
“ riod.—I hardly dare to mention my pro-
“ posal—Yet death is in the thought of
“ delaying it—Oh! that my lovely Ar-
“ pasia burnt with an equal flame;—that
“ her heart would vibrate at the extatic
“ hope that now fills mine; then she would
“ spare her adoring Derville the pain of
“ uttering his wishes—would but my sweet
“ maid consent to share my destiny, I care
“ not in what part of the globe the resi-
“ dence is made—I have struggled, but
“ cannot live without you—As soon as ever
“ the law allows me liberty to bestow it in
“ reality

“ reality on you, the name of Derville
“ shall be yours—till then—no matter
“ what name we are called by, if I can
“ press you to my faithful heart and call
“ you its dear possessor—and you will
“ sweetly blushing own that I have a share
“ in yours !

“ LET us not, my beloved angel, sacri-
“ fice our real happiness to too nice an
“ idea of what the world calls propriety—
“ The union of hearts is the first prin-
“ ciple of marriage—the uniting hands is
“ nothing without the former, our hearts
“ will be married—and our hands shall be
“ so, whenever my first unfortunate en-
“ gagement is dissolved.—I will not ask
“ you to write—for I own I dare not trust
“ your reason in this affair—I will come
“ to you next Wednesday—I will plead
“ my cause with all the energy that love
“ can urge—Oh ! loveliest, dearest Ar-
“ pasia, be propitious, be favourable to
“ the ardent wishes of your

“ Ever, ever faithful DERVILLE.”

ARPASIA

ARPASIA had only glanced her eye to the bottom when the name—most dear—made her whole frame tremble—the three first lines caused a palpitation of heart—she soon condemned as she proceeded—horror and amazement struck her mind—her head turned giddy—A sickness, a mist came before her eyes—she sunk with her face on a table she was sitting by—Her senses for some moments fled from her—Recovering by degrees, the fatal phantom which the letter had conjured up, returned again to her vision—She turned in disgust from it—Nothing could have induced her to go through such a letter but to convince her senses that it was not all an illusion—“ Oh ! “ that it had been ! ” she cried—“ Oh ! “ that my eyes had closed in everlasting “ night before they had perused it !—Oh ! “ that I had died an hour ago, when I “ foolishly thought him the most faultless “ of God’s creatures—then had my life “ been happy, and my end had been “ peaceful.”

TILL

TILL this moment she never thought she had known misfortune but by name — Now every one that human nature sustains crowded on her at once, and overwhelmed her in their weight. Now how bitter were her tears! — Now how she accused herself of fondly dwelling on his image! Oh! how was she punished!

It was now Tuesday morning — on the next day he proposed coming — A whirl of thought ran through her brain with incredible swiftness — What could she do? — How conduct herself? — How avoid him? — To see him; ever again to behold him would be worse than death — What he! on whom all her confidence had been placed to dare insult her with so dishonourable a proposal! — Could it be possible? — How had she been deceived! — But this was losing time, the present moment must be given to action — for deliberation she should have full time by and by — In a minute she went to Mrs. Travers, telling her something of the utmost importance called her away. That she

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she would do herself the honour of writing to her in a few days, but that the occasion was too pressing to admit of delay—Mrs. Travers was sorry to part with her agreeable companion, but politely acquiesced without those painful enquiries which some people from a mistaken notion of friendship perplex their acquaintance with, when it is out of their power to give a satisfactory account, and yet are unwilling to appear mysterious—As she appeared easy, Arpasia hoped she was so and that she gave her credit for having particular business, which as it did not concern her, she thought not about.

HER next care was to send for a chaise, and assist Catherine in putting up her cloaths—All this was soon accomplished—but where she should direct the chaise to go, or which road to take she knew not—She was a stranger to the country. Where then should she conceal herself?—She had heard London was the most likely place to elude the search of any one—Indeed she
had

had no alternative, for she knew not where to hide her head—Melancholy thoughts—
—The wide world was before her—but not a spot did she know on the habitable globe where she could reside.

CATHERINE had lived with her from infancy—she had received a good education for one in the lower class of life—and possessed most excellent principles—Arpasia had the highest opinion of her, but there was a difficulty in her situation that precluded communication—To no one could she have discovered the grief that preyed on her mind—She told her she had particular reasons for quitting Hornchurch for some time—And as her legacy would not become due, she should remain in town till it was paid—Should then take the opportunity of purchasing in the funds, settling a correspondence with her banker, and look out for some peaceful habitation wherein to pass her days—Catherine was grieved to hear the final resolution of her lady ; not that retirement was an irksome situation
to

to her, but that she had always hoped Arpasia would listen to some of these grand offers, as she called them, and by appearing with eclat in the world, mortify the Hanburys, who had so unjustly triumphed over her in gaining her estate.

ARPASIA took a polite leave of Mrs. Travers, and with her faithful Catherine set off she hardly knew whither—as little too she cared, provided she was carried far away from Lord Derville—At Ilford she discharged her chaise, and took a slight repast, being ignorant when she got to London where she should find a lodging or any accommodation—She asked her maid if she knew any one that let lodgings—and yet if she had, it must have been some one that the Derville family were known by. From Ilford to London her mind was harassed by a thousand schemes—“Why will you not go to Lady Anne’s?” Catherine enquired.

“I BELIEVE,” answered she, “her ladyship is out of town, I cannot go thither.”

The

The very agitation of her spirits supported her, by preventing their sinking.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived at White Chapel church.—The post-boy asked what part of the town he should drive to ? It was a question Arpasia could not readily resolve—merely because it came first in her head, she said, “ Drive to Oxford-street.”—He cracked his whip and set off—“ Oh ! good Heaven !” she exclaimed, “ No, that will not do. It is too near Portman-square.”

THEY both called to the boy, but the found of the carriage on the stones, and the rattling of others, prevented his hearing them.

IN Lombard-street they met with a stop, when Arpasia took the opportunity of bidding the boy go to Piccadilly instead of Oxford-street—He gave a significant nod and whipped up his horses almost into a gallop to shew his dexterity—They went on at a good rate till they came pretty near St. James’s Church, when off flew one of the hind wheels and down came the chaise

—It was on the side where Catherine sat, who was a good deal hurt. A crowd of people gathered round them ; they were got out with some difficulty—It is well known how soon a number of idle gazers are presently collected on such an occasion in the streets of our metropolis—The accident, the fright, and the certain delay it would cause, hurried Arpasia extremely—She saw too that Catherine was a great sufferer. The events of the day had almost bewildered her mind ; it was now getting dusk, and the circumstance of not knowing whither to go, added to the confusion of her brain—Some humane persons had taken Catherine into a house, while Arpasia was standing gazing on the shattered vehicle, but her thoughts too absorbed, too perplexed to know she was doing so—“ What is to become of me ? ” she said in an inward voice, and casting her eyes up to heaven : when at that instant, the other side of the way, she plainly discerned Lord Derville—she started—the fear of being
seen

seen by him now engrossed every faculty ; she ran into the church-yard, hastily crossing into Jermyn-street—she stopped not, or looked behind her, but still went on as fast as she could walk, without taking notice which way she turned, or having any idea of danger from missing her way—She had some confused recollection about having ordered the chaise to Piccadilly, but she knew not she was there when the accident happened—she only hoped as she had walked some considerable time that the dreaded Lord Derville would be effectually prevented finding her—as she could figure to herself nothing so wretched as she should be from such a rencontre.

THE remembrance of Catherine now returned to her imagination—she stopped—she strove to collect her scattered reason—but found herself unequal to the task ; terrified at the imbecility of mind she discovered, her eyes filled with tears—“ Oh !” cried she “ how weak I am !”—Every one that passed, stared at her. Her elegant

figure, the agitation that was painted in her beautiful face, called their attention ; but it was momentary—Every one took up their opinion, and went on their way—She went on too—but without knowing where her steps would lead her—She went up a kind of little square, but to her great disappointment found she could go no further ; on her returning back, she recollected she might take a Hackney coach or a chair—The thought relieved her, as she might by driving to Piccadilly, happily find out where Catherine was—Pleased with her idea she tripped lightly on, when a carriage drove up to the entrance of the place—and a lady descended from it. Arpasia, paying little attention to her situation had near been pushed down by the horses. The lady saw the circumstance, and struck with the interesting appearance of Arpasia, humanely went up to her to enquire if she was hurt ; when the extreme politeness of her countenance, and a wildness in her eyes, which were red with weeping,

ing, made her redouble the earnestness of her address.

“ OH ! you are hurt—you are ill—My
“ dear madam you look ready to faint.—
“ Here, John, assist the lady into the
“ house—Do, my sweet young lady, give
“ me leave to offer you something—Poor
“ thing ! how she trembles.” The voice
of pity and compassion, to one who but the
moment before seemed separated from the
whole world, sunk deep in the wounded
breast of Arpasia ; she made a thousand
acknowledgements, while her excessive agi-
tation almost rendered them inarticulate—
The lady of the house appeared the most
benevolent of beings—“ My dear madam,”
she said “ to whom can I send ?—where
“ was you going to ?”

THESE simple questions tortured Ar-
pasia to the soul—In those few words were
comprized all her misery—“ Who can I
“ send to ?” she repeated—“ Where was
“ I going ? Ah ! who was I going from ?”
—How cutting the reflections which arose

from questions put with tenderness—a tenderness that seemed congenial to her own—Her tears flowed fast, though with hysteric symptoms—It was a long time before she could relate the circumstance of her chaise breaking down—and her having met with something that alarmed her, even more than the accident, and occasioned her wandering out of her knowledge, she being almost a stranger in London—Servants were immediately dispatched to enquire where such an accident had happened—the mistress of the house begged her to compose herself. “And do my dear,” she added, “be thankful that you have fallen into
“good hands—I will not lose sight of you
“till you are replaced with your friends.
“Good God! what might have been your
“situation if you had wandered about
“much longer?”—In short, nothing was omitted to sooth the distressed mind of Arpasia—The night was now advanced, and no information could be gathered; at the earnest request of the lady, Arpasia consented

sented to go to bed, for which purpose she was supplied with every accommodation from her new friend—The vicissitudes of the past day could not be shut out by darkness—In full force they returned to the disturbed mind of Arpasia—Her brain turned giddy, and in the language of Young, she might be said to

“Elaborate a blessing from despair,”

For the violence of her feelings at last rendered her insensible of them and every thing else. In the morning she was light-headed and in the highest paroxysm of a fever.—The enquiries were now suspended in the fears for her safety—A physician of eminence was called in, and every other assistance administered with the utmost care; in a few days, a good constitution and good attendance left nothing but weakness remaining; though her mind now began to feel with its full force the hapless state she was in, and the cruel uncertainty of discovering where Catherine was, and whether she had met with the almost unex-

amplified kindness herself had experienced—Again every enquiry was set on foot, and the lady proposed advertising as the readiest means—Arpasia drew up a few lines which would be sufficiently intelligible to her maid, if it was so lucky to meet her eye; to which the lady added the place where the advertizer was to be met with, and gave her servant directions to carry it to the printer of the Morning Herald.

To restore peace to the mind of our heroine, her good friend took every occasion of varying her amusements, and rendering the tedious hours of suspense less painful—She seemed a woman of liberal education, and though no longer young, the remains of beauty were visible—She had a manner insinuating, and likely to conciliate the heart of so artless a being as Arpasia—She pressed on her a thousand accommodations, which, however, nothing could prevail on her to accept.—There were drawers full of every change of dress for her use—The most costly wines, the
molt

most delicate eatables, with a profusion of every thing that luxury could wish for—These attentions rather gave pain to the guest, because she knew her inability to repay them, as her generous and grateful heart would have been inclined to do.

WITH her confinement and waiting for the advertisement, with allowance for its being noticed, she had now been an inmate of this house ten days—And she was determined the next morning to sally forth, in the carriage of her patroness, and not give over her search till she had found out where it was the accident happened, and be led by that information to the place where Catherine was, together with her cloaths and some valuable things, which were now of the utmost importance to her—as from the fashion and appearance of every thing about her, she was aware that a pecuniary return would not be accepted or even proper to offer—In her own mind, then, she had appropriated an elegant pair of pearl bracelets with diamond sliders,

which had been her mother's, and were of the finest kind, as a small return for the kindness and protection she had received in the time of absolute need.

CHAP

C H A P. XLIX.

All is not Gold that glitters.

SORRY am I, for the honour of human nature, that on investigation it too seldom happens, that such kindneſſes and hoſpitality as inſpired Arpaſia with the moſt grateful feelings, has any other ſource than that too common one of ſelf-interest. In one word however the meaning will be fully explained. The houſe in which the poor wanderer had met with ſo opportune an atylum was ſituated in King's Place. Every claſs of readers has heard of ſuch a manſion. Happy are thoſe who know it but by name !

To acquire ſuch a prize the miſtreſs of the houſe thought no purchaſe ill beſtowed. Even in the hour of diſtreſs and terror ſhe diſcovered beauties of no common rate ;

now that health returned, the soft bloom on her cheeks gave a brilliancy to her features, which were formed to speak the sentiments of her soul, that rendered her doubly attractive.

THE facility, in this too licentious age, of female seduction had almost made a virtuous character in that house a miracle, that might have been formerly possible, but now scarce credited. To have really a fresh subject to introduce, and thrown into her hands by a lucky chance, filled the mind of this vile woman with the most flattering prospect of gain. She had a friend to whom she ever acknowledged herself under the highest obligations; and to whom, from the first moment the unsuspecting victim was seated in her house, she had devoted her. This valuable friend was no other than the noble Earl of Carberry. It will be easily conceived that the measures Arpasia supposed they were pursuing with avidity, went no farther than was necessary to sooth her mind, and preserve

serve it untinctured by suspicion. Her positive resolution of setting off the next morning in search of Catherine, expedited the plan of the old lady ; for, although she well knew she might manage so as to preclude all advantage to her visitor from the enquiry, yet she might gain information who it was to whom she had been indebted, and thereby render the scheme she had in hand more difficult, if not totally defeat it. Not a moment then was to be lost. She addressed the following billet to his lordship :

“ *My good lord,*

“ AT length fortune has put it in my
“ power to attempt a payment of the
“ many obligations your lordship has,
“ from time to time, conferred on me.
“ By the most fortunate accident in the
“ world, one of the divinest creatures I
“ ever beheld, has been under my roof
“ for these ten days. Be not alarmed at
“ that hint. Not a breath has blown on
“ her. She is all spotless purity. I will
“ not

“ not enter now into particulars. Come,
 “ and own that of all the girls you ever
 “ saw she is the most lovely. I shall ex-
 “ pect you with impatience. I cannot
 “ much longer keep up the appearance of
 “ virtue and goodness. Happy it is for
 “ me that the town is so empty, and that
 “ I was prevented from going down with
 “ my numerous family to any of the wa-
 “ tering places. The first would have
 “ excited suspicion from the concourse of
 “ company that frequent my house, and
 “ the last would have prevented my meet-
 “ ing with this delicious *morceau*.

“ I am, my lord,

“ Your lordship’s

“ Most devoted servant,

“ *King’s Place.*”

“ C— M.—”

THE servant, who carried this intelli-
 gence, was a stranger to the person of
 Lord Carberry, and being an ignorant
 fellow thought that he must be a young
 man. He saw a carriage with coronets
 standing at the door ; and a gentleman,
 much

much of his own age, stepping into it ; without farther enquiry he presented the letter to him. Lord Derville, (for it was he, who had been paying a morning visit to his father, then confined with a slight indisposition) naturally concluding a letter delivered into his hand must be intended for him, never looked at the direction, but broke the seal, and began to peruse it.

THE first sentence served not to alarm him, as he had frequently done services to various persons in indigent circumstances—but the next puzzled him extremely, which increased as he went on ; when, looking at the signature, and seeing from whence it was dated, he was convinced there must be some mistake. He shuddered, when on examining the address, he read

“ *To the Right Honourable*

“ *The Earl of Carberry.*”

FOR a moment he deliberated how he should proceed. He again read over the infamous scroll. “ I will obey the summons,”

“mons,” said he. “I will for once represent my father. But my purpose shall be to succour and protect innocence and virtue, if I really can find such qualities in King’s Place.”

His footmen were all astonishment, when on checking the string he ordered the coachman to drive to Mrs. M—’s. It was a command they had never received from him. They laughed, and made their remarks on the alteration in their lord, congratulating themselves on living more jovial lives, (since servants always adopt the vices of their superiors) now that he had entered on such a plan as going in broad day to King’s Place !

THIS was the first day Arpasia had walked into a front room ; and it was only to change the air a little that she did so. The window of the chamber was open, and she by chance stopped one instant to look out of it. She saw Lord Derville alight from his chariot. She heard him direct his servants to go home.

She

She had seen and heard enough—pale, trembling, and just ready to sink in the earth, she got back into the other room, and drank some water which kept her from fainting; but still her terror remained.

Mrs. M— was amazed to see the son instead of the father; and, with a constrained smile, asked to what she owed the honour of a visit from Lord Derville, whom but once, and that at the distance of some years, she had ever seen before under her roof?

“It was impossible not to obey such a
“call of the house,” said he with a gay
air, “and I should hope in this business
“I might be allowed to represent my
“father with great propriety. You, my
“dear madam, understand the *etiquette* of
“your own dominions, as to introduction
“and so forth. To my shame, I must
“declare my ignorance. I hope, therefore,
“if I am doing wrong, that you will
“place it to that account.” In saying
which,

which, he put a ten pound note into her hand, gently pressing it.

“INDEED, my lord,” she said with a gracious air, and the utmost pleasure brightening up her face—“I believe I shall not account the mistake an unfortunate one. But how shall I settle it with your father? I had promised the first offering to him, and a promise with me is sacred.”

“PHO! he can never know it; the letter was delivered to me by accident. Come, will you not introduce me. You know I have lost much time—and I am anxious to repair my error.”

“God bless your sweet face!” she cried, looking wantonly at him—“I swear I think you as handsome as my beautiful girl. Well, well, I must settle it with my conscience; some how or other, about jockeying my Lord Carberry. I hope the merit of having converted the son will atone for the sin of having cheated the father. And certainly her age, for I do not think her
“ more

“ more than eighteen, will suit your
“ twenty-three better than his fifty-two.
“ But some management is necessary in
“ this business, for I must tell you how I
“ met with her.” She then began to relate
to him the circumstances already known
to the reader.

THIS conversation, though it confirmed
Lord Derville in his sentiments of pre-
venting the destruction of an innocent
victim, thrown by chance into the power of
this harpy, he could have no pre-sentiment
that it was his adored Arpasia.

THE poor soul was in the most cruel
agitation. She listened almost breathless if
she could hear his voice below; and though
she dreaded nothing so much, she wondered
she had not heard some message from him.
A maid servant at last came up to her,
with the lady's request she would allow a
gentleman, who wished above all things to
see her, to wait on her in the adjoining
dressing-room. Arpasia hardly allowed
the woman to deliver her message—“ No,
“ no

“no, I cannot” she cried, walking about the room in agony.

“He is the sweetest creature I ever saw,” said the servant—“so handsome!”

“I know it—I know it”—she replied, not knowing at all what she said—“Pray, my good girl,” she continued, recollecting herself, and taking half a guinea from her purse—“do me the favour to say I am extremely indisposed—say I have a return of my fever—say”—cried she, clapping her hand to her forehead, and panting for breath “that I am almost distracted”—which the wild look she cast, with the hurrying way of her speaking did not contradict in the idea of the servant, who instantly carried the news to her mistress—Disappointment threw her off her guard, and with an oath she declared she would not long indulge her humour. Lord Derville interposed—He assured her he would not fail of calling the next day, and obtained her promise that no one but himself should see her.

WHEN

WHEN he was gone, she immediately, in no very good humour, repaired to the room of Arpasia—She found her excessively agitated though much relieved by a copious flood of tears.

FEARFUL of unravelling her character to her, too soon Mrs. M—asked her, how she could be such a little perverse chit to refuse seeing a gentleman, who was going to prescribe something of advantage to her, and who could have given her some information of her lost servant.

“ Good Heaven !” cried the deceived Arpasia, “ I thought it had been Lord Derville.”

“ Do you know my lord then ?” demanded Mrs. M— with surprize.

“ OH !” answered Arpasia clasping her hands together and bursting into a fresh flood of tears “ Too well I do—It was he
 “ who drove me from a sheltering roof—
 “ It is to him all my distress is owing—I
 “ flew to avoid him, and what might not
 “ have

“ have been the consequence, if in your
“ likeness I had not met a pitying angel?”

“ So, so, then my pretty innocent,”
cried Mrs. M—, regardless of the delicate
and grateful compliment in the latter part
of Arpasia’s speech, “ this is what may
“ be called, a dead take-in. What, you
“ are an old acquaintance then of his lord-
“ ship’s?” she asked with a quickness of
voice, and her air so changed, that Arpasia
looked all astonishment. — “ and have
“ palmed yourself on me, as a poor inno-
“ cent virtuous girl—and pray, my modest
“ miss, how long did you live with him?”

“ I WAS a visitor at his house, madam,”
replied Arpasia, drawing back from her.
“ —till—I am sorry to say— yet it is too
“ well known, the misconduct of Lady
“ Derville, made it necessary to remove
“ from thence.”

“ AND pray,” returned the other, “ what
“ cause could you have to refuse seeing his
“ lordship—or indeed any body I wished
“ you to see?”

“ I CAN-

" I CANNOT understand," replied Ar-
pasia, with a cold, but rather resolute air,
" why my refusal of seeing any company,
" situated as I am, can have occasioned so
" great an alteration in your behaviour to
" me—I will not, though I have great
" cause of complaint against his lordship,
" believe that he would descend to the
" meanness of a falsehood ; yet without it,
" how he could have induced you to hold
" such improper and incomprehensible
" language, I know not."

" I BELIEVE you are both made up of
" falsehood, for my part"—was the rude
answer.

ARPASIA felt a spark of indignation rise,
but she repressed it—and told her—" she
" was sorry that the obligations she had
" received, and which she had hoped ever
" to retain the memory of with gratitude,
" should in part have been so cancelled."

" CANCELLED ! No madam, do not
" think so, I beseech you—I shall take
" care

“ care to have the obligation repaid, I
“ give you my word, before we part.”

ARPASIA was thunderstruck !

MRS. M—went on—“ And let me in-
“ form you too, madam, that I expect you
“ to behave very differently when my lord
“ comes to morrow.”

“ NEITHER to-morrow, or ever will I
“ see Lord Derville,” said Arpasia, whose
anger was now very justly raised from the
insolence of the demand.

“ I WONDER how you will help your-
“ self ?”

“ WHAT power can oblige me ?” asked
Arpasia—“ Before to-morrow, madam, I
“ shall seek out some place, from whence I
“ shall hope to receive that intelligence of
“ my servant and cloaths, which I fear
“ has not been prosecuted with the zeal
“ with which it was offered.”

STUNG with the reproof—and her wicked
conscience suggesting that she was found
out, throwing her intirely off her guard,
“ I’ll be d——d,” said she “ if you leave
“ this

“ this house till I am satisfied for all the
“ expences I have been at !”

“ IN what house can I be,” cried Ar-
pasia pale and trembling, “ where such
“ expressions can be uttered by any thing
“ in female shape? Be not alarmed, ma-
“ dam, you shall be paid—amply paid,
“ for every thing—I am not to be your
“ prisoner, I hope.” She put her hand
in her pocket and taking out some money,
though she was so agitated as to be scarce
able to stand, she went up to her, “ What
“ is your demand? I am ready to satisfy
“ it—only let me quit a house, the mistress
“ of which, till within this hour, I thought
“ a benevolent angel.”

“ AND what do you think of her now?”
said she, with her arms placed a kimbo,
and looking with a saucy stare in her face.

ARPASIA disdained a reply — “ For
“ Heaven’s sake, madam, repay yourself
“ what I owe you—and let me be gone”—
she held about five guineas in her hand,
and motioned it towards her—The wretch

gave her hand a tofs and threw the money on the floor, which ſhe aſſiſted not in picking up.

“ I SHALL not accept of that paltry ſum, “ I aſſure you,” ſaid ſhe—“ My houſe is “ not kept by ſuch trumpery doings.”

“ ONLY then ſay what you will have me “ do ?” cried Arpaſia impatiently, “ and “ do not heap infolencies on me till I can “ bear them no longer.”

“ How curſed unlucky,” ſaid the vile creature, “ that my letter ſhould fall in “ that canting puppy’s hands inſtead of his “ father ! The buſineſs would have been “ half over, if my Lord Carberry had “ come !”

THIS was much beyond the apprehenſion of Arpaſia—yet the name of Lord Carberry filled her with horror—She again requeſted to know what ſum would answer the demand.

“ WOULD the devil had had you, before “ I ever ſaw you !” ſaid the violent wretch —“ I thought to have made a thouſand of “ you

“ you at least — And now, after all my
“ trouble, I shall be choused at last—I
“ again ask you, will you consent to see
“ Lord Derville—or (if I get rid of his
“ importunity, which I shall try for,) my
“ Lord Carberry.”

“ OH! my God,” cried Arpasia, throw-
ing herself into a chair, “ What can all
“ this lead to?—Tell me in as few words
“ as you can, what I am to trust to, while
“ my senses remain to allow me to act
“ reasonably.”

“ WHY then, in few words, for I do not
“ like throwing away time for nothing—
“ I should have thought you before this
“ might have understood my meaning—
“ Lord Carberry would give one of his
“ eyes to have you fond of him.”

“ LORD CARBERRY! does he then know
“ where I am?”

“ I UNDERSTAND you as little as you
“ pretend to do me,” she replied—“ How-
“ ever, I must speak plain, I find; Can you
“ want to be informed that this house is

“ kept for the reception of such gentle-
“ men, as wish for kind-hearted girls?—
“ Now do you understand me ?”

“ Oh ! too well ! too well !” cried Ar-
pasia, sinking down in an agony of tears—
and just fainting—“ May I hope that you
“ will comply with the custom of the
“ house ?”

“ MONSTER of impiety and wicked-
“ ness,” cried she in a voice that made the
wretch shrink within herself, “ Urge me
“ not to do a deed of desperation ! I have
“ offered you payment for the expences I
“ have incurred—Let me know this in-
“ stant what they amount to—and detain
“ me at your peril !”

HER manner impressed the vile M. with
only a temporary fear—She stalked up to
her—“ I shall bring you my bill presently
“ —I have humbled haughtier spirits than
“ yours many a time—I will give you the
“ alternative of quietly submitting, or on
“ a refusal, and an inability to satisfy my
“ demand, I shall shew you the inside of a
“ prison”

“prison”—saying which, she walked out of the room.

HAD it not been for the interposition of Providence, Arpasia would have been involved in still more deplorable circumstances—but happily the good sense she received from Heaven, stood her in the utmost stead—She had some bank notes about her, which she was on the point of acquainting Mrs. M—with—who, had she known the strength of her purse, would have encreased her demand still higher, so as to render the payment impossible—Arpasia in a moment saw the predicament in which she was placed—and rightly judged that she should, in so well governed a city, have a much better chance by throwing herself on its laws, and consequently under its protection, than by remaining an hour longer at the mercy of such a disgrace of her sex—She therefore suffered her to continue under the idea that five guineas was the whole of the money she could at

present command—and as to the disgrace of prison—she weighed that as very light to the infamy of the house where she at present was.

CHAP.

C H A P. L.

The Inside of a Lock-up House.

MRS. M— soon returned with a long bill, made up of a variety of items—together with the advice of a physician, apothecary, &c.—the whole making twenty-five pounds—“ There,” said the brute—“ it will sink your purse I fancy.”

“ SINK it indeed!” cried Arpasia, sighing, but continued with a degree of spirit—“ I suppose you have been very “ reasonable in your charges, madam ?”— This hint produced a hearty curse in the grossest language—Arpasia could but lift up her eyes in amazement, that human nature in the softer sex could be so debased by vice.

“ HAVE you considered of my proposition ?” said Mrs. M—.

“ It required none !” was the answer.

“ You are determined then to drive me
“ to extremities ?—A prison, I fancy, will
“ tame your proud spirit—I have a bailiff
“ ready to execute a writ on you, if you
“ do not consent to my plan.”

“ As you please—I cannot pay a bill of
“ twenty-five pounds, with only a fifth of
“ the money—I have effects elsewhere—
“ but I cannot at present obtain them.”

“ PRAY send Mr. Ward in—Here, sir,
“ is a pretty lady who will neither lead or
“ drive—she owes me this sum of money,
“ and I have offered her a fair opportunity
“ of clearing with me, and she has the
“ sauciness to scorn me—You and I are
“ no strangers to each other, Mr. Ward—
“ You understand me ?”

ARPASIA dreading some infamous compact between them—felt all that spirit rise which never forsook her on proper occasions ; looking at the sheriff’s officer with all the dignity of injured virtue—“ And
“ understand me too, sir, that I am an
“ English

“ English woman of family—That I claim
 “ the protection of the laws—If I am in-
 “ sulted by any of its instruments, be sure
 “ ye shall all be called to severe account—
 “ I am your prisoner—this lady tells you
 “ I am. Conduct me to some place of
 “ safety, and I will thank you—for here
 “ I feel myself in danger.”

“ COME, come, young lady,” said
 Ward—“ you will have nothing to fear
 “ from me—Thank God, I have ladies of
 “ family, and gentlemen of family too,
 “ very often at my house.”

“ IT is of no consequence,” said Arpa-
 sia, “ let a coach be sent for, I am impa-
 “ tient to be gone.”

“ BUT you will be more impatient to
 “ return, I believe, before the week is out
 “ —what say you, Mr. Ward?—You re-
 “ member Patty Corbyn, aye, poor thing!
 “ she is as happy as the day is long now.”

THE coach was announced—A most
 joyful sound to poor Arpasia, who would
 have thought Newgate itself, preferable to

the roof of such a vile wretch. She affectedly wished her a pleasant ride. "Oh!" cried Arpasia, "with what different feelings I quit your presence, I hope for ever, to what I should have done, had you been in reality what you appeared! Mistaken, guilty woman! What felicity can the ruin of thy own sex be to thy heart when on thy death-bed! When every one of the poor deluded wretches shall lift up their voices, and imprecate curses on thy devoted head! And when the all-righteous Judge shall denounce thy sentence!"

THE commanding figure and beauty of Arpasia struck an awe into the officer, who made twenty bows as he followed her to the coach. Happy was she when she got into it! She asked where she was to be carried?

"To his house, and a very good one it was, where she might have the best of accommodations."

"AND how long am I to remain there?"

"WHY,

“ WHY, if you do not get bail in
“ twenty-four hours, you will be carried
“ to Newgate.”

“ BUT will not paying the money prevent the disgrace of going to Newgate?”

“ CERTAINLY ; but Madam M— says
“ you have it not to pay.”

“ I MUST endeavour to procure it.”

WHEN they arrived at the officer's house in Carey-street, she was shewn into a very decent room, only the bars at the window made her shudder ; but she instantly poured forth her thankful praises to Heaven, for extricating her from the diabolical hands of Mrs. M—.

MR. WARD, who, though in his way a very good sort of man, never forgot his own interest, reminded Arpasia that she had not dined ; and desired to know what he should have the pleasure of procuring her.

SHE thanked him with great sweetness ; but said she had no appetite. “ No appetite !” he grumbled, “ but other people
“ can eat if you cannot.”

“ LORD blefs me !” faid ſhe, “ have you
“ not dined ? Do not let me detain you.
“ I want no attendance.”

“ By my foul, madam, you are very
“ comical, or elſe very ignorant. I can ſee
“ that with half an eye. Why, don’t
“ you know *as* it is common for people
“ in ſuch places to call for ſomething,
“ whether they *chufes* it or not.”

ARPASIA, as he gave her credit for, was certainly very ignorant of the ways of the houſe ; but begged him to pardon her want of knowledge, and order what he liked from a tavern.

“ NAY, nay, madam, it ſhall never be
“ ſaid of Bob Ward, that he impoſed on
“ a generous lady. I have that in my
“ houſe, though I ſhould not ſay it, as
“ good as ever you will meet with in a ta-
“ vern, let the next be where it will. From
“ the beſt madeira wine down to right
“ hollands. Shall I fetch you a bottle.”

“ No, no—Why, yes—you may, if you
“ pleaſe.”

“ AYE

“ AYE, aye, I thought as how you
“ would come to. God bless you, madam.
“ Why, you are as handsome as an angel.
“ Aye, aye, this is something;” for Ar-
pasia, to conciliate his favour, put a guinea
in his hand, bidding him let her have some
coffee and bread and butter.

THEN, left to herself, she began her deli-
berations on the manner of her proceeding.
As to better lodgings for that night, it now
being seven o’clock, she could not think
of. While she was his prisoner she knew
she must be safe; for he, being very com-
municative, had told her how much he
was answerable for her appearance, unless
bail was procured. She had pen and ink
brought her; and she drew up an adver-
tisement to be put that evening in the
different papers, purporting where she
could be heard of, and describing her
servant, and what she could recollect of
her boxes, &c. And, having placed our
fair heroine in a safe, though not very eli-
gible situation, let us return to Lord Der-
ville,

ville, after his visit to the King's Place mansion.

He possessed a sufficient portion of knight errantry to feel very much interested in the fate of the poor young creature, who had fallen thus in the fangs of such a harpy as M—, and a determination to pursue his scheme of extricating her, if on farther knowledge she should prove a girl of virtue, and not a decoy. Such too often these women dress up, and instruct to ensnare the credulous, and this he was almost ready to suspect from the character of the governess of the castle.

He went at five to dine with his uncle ; and, as they were sitting after dinner, Mr. Travers happened to mention something that had appeared in one of the morning prints a week before. It was relative to political matters. Lord Derville had not noticed it. A parcel of newspapers were produced, and they each began examining them to find the paragraph ; when the following advertisement arrested the sight,
and

and almost benumbed the senses of his lordship—

“ A Post-chaise brought down.

“ The young lady who left Hornchurch,
“ Essex, on Tuesday the 4th of September
“ instant, with her maid servant C. W.
“ and who, by the accident of the wheel
“ of the chaise coming off in Piccadilly,
“ near St. James’s church, was separated
“ from her servant, is most earnestly
“ requested to send some intelligence to
“ C. W. who remains at Mr. Wilson’s, a
“ cheefemonger, opposite the above church.
“ The lady was dressed in a black cloth
“ riding habit ; black hat and feathers ;
“ neckcloth, ruffles and frill, hemmed
“ and welted cambrick ; a gold-headed
“ cane, with the cyphers A. H. Her per-
“ son is extremely handsome, tall, slender ;
“ light brown hair, hanging in loose ring-
“ lets on her shoulders, and large braid
“ behind.”

“ My God !” exclaimed Lord Derville,
“ have you seen this advertisement ?”

But

But before Mr. Travers could look at it, he related to him the transactions of the morning, and the circumstance of the letter to his father.

TRAVERS started up, with a violent exclamation declared it must be her. It could be no other than Arpasia. But why should she leave my sister Travers? He got no information from Lord Derville on that head: nor did he stay for it. He was all hurry and confusion. First he would go to the old brimstone's, as he called her—then he would go to Wilson's. The former scheme was adopted, because sending to Wilson's for Catherine would answer no good purpose. Away then they posted, and arrived at King's Place, about an hour after Arpasia, together with her *chaperon*, had left it.

LORD DERVILLE prevailed on Mr. Travers to remain below stairs, as he thought his impetuosity would rather retard than facilitate matters. He was shewed into a little drawing-room, where sat a pretty

pretty girl, who seemed much delighted with his appearance, though her features changed when he coldly replied, to her enquiry if she could be so happy as to render him any service, that his business was at present with Mrs. M—. But a female who has parted with the brightest jewel in her possession, modesty, cannot soon be repulsed. She cast a most alluring glance at him, which affected him as much as if he had been blind. "Pshaw!" she cried, "what can you want with an old woman? She must certainly be the passport to the youthful."

"EXACTLY so: That is the reason why I wish to see her. You do not infringe on one another's properties I am certain. I am engaged to a blooming beauty, who is but lately an inmate of this mansion."

"I KNOW who you mean—but she is gone."

"GONE! where the devil is she gone to?"

"To

“ To learn her lesson properly—in the
“ same school where I was taught mine.”

THE old woman appeared at this moment. “ Oh ! my lord, it is you returned again. Well, you had better
“ taken my advice, *and struck while the*
“ *iron was hot* ; for I never saw such a
“ little determined fury in my life—I
“ warrant I bring her down.”

“ TAKE care what you do,” cried he with a fierce tone—“ You little know who
“ you have with you. She is one of the
“ best families of the kingdom, and if you
“ have injured her in the tythe of a hair,
“ the torments of hell will not be hot
“ enough for you. Where is she ? Let
“ me see her.”

“ I AM sure I offered her no harm,” answered the beldame a little frightened,—
“ To be sure I told her she should pay
“ me for my trouble and expence, and
“ your lordship may think it was no small
“ sum. Indeed I should not have minded
“ it of a rush—for, thank God and
“ good

" good friends, I have a pretty income.

" But she was such an obstreperous creature

" there was no doing quietly with her.

" Why, what could be more civil than

" my message on your account ? No ; see

" you !—no ; that she would not ! never

" as long as she lived."

" SEE me !" cried he impatiently—

" You did not tell her it was me ?"

" WHY, how should I know you was

" acquainted with her ?"

" AND when she heard my name, did

" she refuse to see me ?"

" OH ! I have not words to tell you

" half she said ; such a tragedy rant I

" never heard out of the garden. It was

" to *you* she owed all the evil and distress

" she was now labouring under. To

" avoid *you* she had encountered all these

" hardships, and still to avoid *you* she

" would go to prison—and so she is—that

" is to the sheriff's officer."

" To prison !—To avoid me !—Oh !

" my beloved Arpasia, what have you

" suffered !

“suffered ! What have I done to incur
“such displeasure !”

He ran down half-distracted to his uncle ;
who, in a moment, was in as great a
phrenzy as himself. He was for setting fire
to the house, and blowing the mistress of
it to the devil. “Oh ! for Heaven’s sake,”
cried Lord Derville, “lose no time now,
“do go to the dear unhappy creature.
“What prejudice she can have taken
“against me I know not ; but while she
“is influenced by it I will not appear
“before her. I will go to Catherine,
“and send her to you. He then took
proper directions to Ward’s house, which
he made Mr. Travers clearly comprehend,
who drove immediately to Carey-street.
He ran as fast as he could to Wilson’s ;
where he found poor Catherine, who was
almost heart-broken, and still very ill from
her bruises. She had fallen into the most
humane hands in the world, who tried
every method to console her, and to employ
means of discovering the lost Arpasia.
Catherine,

Catherine, who judged her lady had very particular reasons for avoiding both Lady Anne and Lord Derville, thought there could be no use in enquiring at either of those houses. Ten days had now elapsed. She proposed going out herself next day. The advertisements had been repeated; and Mrs. M. had certainly seen them; but it being so much her interest to secrete the circumstance from Arpasia, she took care the papers containing it should never come in her sight. Catherine, who doated on her mistress, wept like a child when Lord Derville assured her she should have the happiness of seeing her that evening. He took her in a hackney coach, with some linen, which Catherine thought would be very acceptable; she not knowing how generous Mrs. M— had been, in that and every other attention to her, while she had reason to flatter herself with an adequate return; though she now filled the house with curses and the most horrid blasphemies at the frustration of her diabolical machinations.

C H A P.

CHAP. LI.

The Happy Meeting.

A BUMPER or two of madeira, unlocked the cells in Mr. Ward's heart, where his good nature lay, to be produced in small parcels, as occasion required—while he went for the bottle, Arpasia ripped the lining of her riding hat, in which she had concealed, for fear of being stopped on the road, all the valuable paper she was possessed of, namely, two bank notes, one of twenty, the other fifteen pounds.

WHEN Mr. Ward returned, she informed him, she wished to have a creditable witness or two, that he might not fall into any trouble, and then, before them she would pay the sum into his hands that Mrs. M— demanded—" I could have
" done it on the spot," said she, " but I
" rather

“ rather chose to be in your protection
“ than in her power. You will give me
“ a receipt.”

HE hesitated about it—It was late—and he knew not who he could get.—“ I do
“ not mean to quit your house to night,”
said Arpasia, “ but to-morrow, you know,
“ I must go to Newgate if I do not get
“ bail—or pay the money—the last I
“ can do.”

“ OH! Lord, madam, such a pretty
“ lady as you, might get bail any hour in
“ the day—I’ll lay my life, I could name
“ twenty that would gladly bail you out,
“ for the mere pleasure of the thing.”

ARPASIA was glad to hear there were so many benevolent beings in the world—
“ But then surely you may find two, who
“ will witness your receipt?” she said—
“ Your wife—or any trusty domestic.”

THE receipt was just signed, and witnessed, and the note and money deposited in Mr. Ward’s canvas bag, when word was brought up by one of the runners, that
a gen-

a gentleman begged to see the young lady directly—"Oh! for Heaven's sake, do not admit him," cried Arpasia—"I cannot, I will not see him."

"WHAT kind of gentleman is he?" cried Ward, who was unwilling to turn away a guest.

"AN oldish sort of a man," said the runner, "wears his own grey hair—and says his name is Travers."

"TRAVERS!" repeated Arpasia, while a beam of transport shot from her eyes, that made her even to her present companions, almost too dazzling to behold, "Oh! let me see him this moment!"

IN an instant the good old man ran up the narrow stairs—Arpasia sprung to him. His arms extended to receive her, she sunk into them and fainted.

"OH! my beloved angelic child!" cried the old man, while the tears followed each other in large drops down his venerable cheeks, "are you at length restored to me?"—She soon recovered herself—
and

and Mr. Travers seeing the bottle, poured out a glass and obliged her to drink it off. When left to themselves, he earnestly enquired why she had left Hornchurch without apprizing any of the family with her intentions?—The question brought tears into her eyes—she rose and walked away to conceal them—At last she assumed courage to speak.

“ My resolution, my dear sir, was
 “ formed on a cause that appeared to me
 “ absolutely necessary—I could not act
 “ different from what I did—what that resolution originated in, I must beg your
 “ permission to conceal within my own
 “ breast—I am convinced, were I at liberty to inform you, I should have your
 “ acquiescence in it.”

“ I AM convinced,” said he, “ of your
 “ prudence, but what a dreadful dilemma
 “ you got in by it—Thank Heaven you
 “ have escaped your danger !”

“ OH! sir,” she cried, “ my heart has
 “ most devoutly acknowledged the mer-

“cies of heaven which has so often, and
“so signally preserved me.”

“BUT, my sweet girl,” he replied, “how
“is it my nephew has offended you?—
“For I find by that old harridan, that you
“came here to avoid him.”

“I COULD see no man with safety in her
“infamous house,” she answered, with
some hesitation, “and circumstanced as I
“have been, to see Lord Derville at all,
“must be improper.”

“BUT now, in my presence, for a few
“minutes to see him would not be so—
“He thinks he has offended you—he is
“miserable.”

“I AM sorry for it—Lord Derville, no
“doubt, can well account for the reason
“why I decline seeing him now, or ever—
“It is painful for me to refuse any thing to
“my good Mr. Travers; but if he will
“allow me to adhere to my resolution, and
“give me credit for having sufficient reason,
“without urging me to explain myself, he
“will increase my esteem for his valuable
“chz-

“character—Lord Derville must be conscious to himself, that my resolution ought to be invariably preserved.”

MR. TRAVERS could make nothing of this, and thought it better to leave it to time to clear up any mistake—and indeed there was no time for it, for Catherine, without any ceremony, ran into the room and clasped her beloved lady in her faithful arms.—It was now late, and Mr. Travers retired, leaving the mistress and maid to themselves; though it was painful for Lord Derville to quit the house without seeing Arpasia, he respected her situation, as to body and mind too much, to seek a disturbance of either.

MR. TRAVERS's carriage conveyed Arpasia to Mr. Wilton's, where she soon went to bed—but as her spirits were yet unsettled, she got little rest—She rose very early, and finding Mrs. Wilton had a widow sister that lived at Hendon, in Middlesex, she agreed for a lodging with her;

and by nine in the morning, she and Catherine again began their peregrinations.

SHE rewarded the humane Willsons, for their great attention to her sick maid—and exacted from them both a most solemn promise, which they strictly adhered to, not to disclose to any enquirers which way she had bent her course.—She could not however acquit herself of ingratitude, without writing to Mr. Travers, which she did before she left town, but gave him no clue whereby her future residence could be discovered.

MR. TRAVERS urged Lord Derville strongly, concerning the nature of the offence he had given Arpasia—but he averred with the utmost appearance of sincerity, that he was wholly unconscious what it could be, though he should ever lament the effect which proved she had lost her confidence in him—A man, although not of depraved principles, is both from custom and education, infinitely more free in his notions than a delicate woman, who,
from

from her particular situation, was even more delicate than nature had left her.— Therefore the conduct which made him so reprehensible in the eyes of Arpasia, might not strike him in that light—Be this as it may, he certainly never spoke of the circumstance of the letter, which had driven Arpasia from her sanctuary, and had by its consequences, so nearly plunged her in destruction.

C H A P. LII.

A Calm after a Storm.

THE state of Arpasia's mind may be very aptly compared to the situation of the ocean, which had lately been shook by a violent storm; but which, as the fury of the winds subsided, sunk into a calm, but still continued agitated with its former extraordinary exertions.—The tempest which had nearly shattered her little bark, had indeed blown over, but the swelling of the waves still continued, and the remembrance was too painful not to inflict the utmost anguish, when memory, ever industrious to torment, brought the events of her momentous life to her view.

THROWN from the height of grandeur and affluence, which she was so well adapted to adorn and dignify, to very moderate

rate

rate circumstances, for on a calculation of her necessary disbursements, she found she should have but barely enough to subsist her till the fifth of October, when her little legacy became due. Once too, the delight of every one who knew her—now in an obscure corner knowing no one—known by no one—her reputation injured by the cruel suspicions of her, whom she had held next her heart so many years; but above all, that reputation insulted by the man, whom to have still looked on as her friend and protector, would have sweetened every other calamity of life; there all her philosophy, her reason and religion were barely sufficient to support her—to be permitted to esteem him, without condemning herself had been the hope, the all of comfort she asked in this world—That felicity was now over, and that she should be able to forget him for ever, was now the most prudent wish her wounded heart could form.

In this retired village, she determined to begin so necessary a task, an arduous

one she knew it must be—for recollection would too frequently represent to her imagination, what she once partially thought him, not in the character his own letter had given him; that letter she would never destroy, it served to strengthen her resolution, and harden her heart against an impression that had taken deeper root, than she at first had any idea of—She hoped, that when she could tell herself he was unworthy her regard, he would of course cease to be the object of it.—“ He no longer
“ esteems me,” she cried—“ He could not
“ esteem the woman who he laboured to
“ debase—What is then the passion I have
“ inspired?—A sensual inclination that
“ sought its own gratification, at the ex-
“ pence of the honour, the peace, the ruin
“ of the object—Why do I not then tear
“ his image from my heart?—Why does
“ my too foolish memory present to me
“ times past, when the utmost delicacy
“ governed every movement, every word?
“ When he even sought not to lay claim
“ to

“ to my friendship ?—Ah ! that might be
“ all artifice, at least it is better for my
“ peace of mind that I should think so.”

CATHERINE had the highest opinion of her mistress, and the most implicit confidence, that whatever she did, was right. Actuated then by these principles, she presumed not to think she was acting wrong now ; or did she ever by the least hint urge Arpasia to disclose her real sentiments.—She respected the sorrow with which she frequently saw her overwhelmed, and tried by a thousand little ways, which the grateful heart of Arpasia was fully sensible of, to divert her attention from gloomy subjects—As she knew her lady was particularly fond of children, she would often select some of the prettiest from the neighbouring cottages, and present them to her—Their innocent discourse and playfulness, would frequently arrest the melancholy oppression of her heart—besides, she saw the good design of her servant, and she would exert herself to reward the friendly

intention—Her native benevolence was a principle that although restrained by circumstances, never died, or indeed slept—She visited the cottages, taught the children—prescribed for the sick, and performed numerous little acts of charity, which she was happy she could still do, by retrenching every article of luxury, and simply boarding with the widow. From a meal of her wholesome but coarse fare, she would rise with a thankful heart, and feel the most exalted pleasure, that the money which a chicken would have cost, was bestowed in some refreshing cordial, or necessary cloathing for the sick or naked.

MRS. WALKER regarded her as an angel for she had heard from Catherine, who though very prudent, could not hold her tongue when Arpasia was the theme, what a large estate she had been born to, and what she had suffered by treachery—To hear this of so young a woman, and to see her conduct under it, might well challenge the admiration of all who knew it.—Each
day

day produced some more amiable *trait* in her character, and even in this little sphere of action, Arpasia shone as much, and as truly conspicuous, as in the most exalted, she had ever experienced—The grateful incense of just praise was her portion, and it ascended to Heaven, in the daily prayers of those who experimentally felt the goodness of her heart.

C H A P. LIII.

An interesting Discovery.

ARPASIA, on returning one day (when she had been at Hendon about three weeks) to the frugal dinner of Mrs. Walker, from her accustomed walk to the cottages, learnt from Catherine, the good woman had just set off for London, having received by the post a letter which had thrown her into the utmost sorrow.

“OH! why was I not here to have soothed her if possible!” exclaimed the tender-hearted Arpasia; “Can you tell of what nature it was?”

CATHERINE told her she could learn nothing but from her tears and lamentations, as she sat out in a quarter of an hour after the letter came. She had happily got a cast to town in a higler’s cart, and she informed,

informed Catherine she should return in the evening of the next day. In this suspense they were obliged to remain, though the hours appeared doubly tedious to our heroine, who made the sufferings of every one so much her own, as to feel anxious till something could be done to relieve them.

EARLY in the afternoon the good woman arrived at her little dwelling, after a long walk from Kingston upon Thames. Arpasia blamed her for not taking some conveyance ; the poor soul burst into tears—and said, “ when the heart is broken with
“ grief, the body and limbs are not thought
“ of. If it should be the cause of my
“ death, I should have nothing to regret.
“ I have outlived every comfort and hope
“ in life, and what remains must be
“ despair and infamy.”

ARPASIA said the kindest things to her, and urged her to repose her sorrows in her bosom, if they were of a nature to communicate.

Mrs.

MRS. WALKER assured her they could not long be a secret to any body ; and then, in all the agony which could tear a mother's bosom, informed her she had been to see her only son, who now lay under condemnation for the crime of forgery in Kingston jail. Arpasia's heart bled for the distress she saw the worthy creature labour under. She hoped he might be saved. Perhaps he was innocent. " Oh ! not so," sobbed out the sorrowing parent ; " I have the
" cruel reflection of being too well assured
" he is guilty. To have suffered inno-
" cently would have blunted the arrow of
" death—but alas ! my son, my son !
" Oh ! I have had this dreadful prospect
" hanging over my head for years, and
" clouding the small share of comfort
" allotted me. How did I rejoice at his
" birth ! How did I on my knees thank
" God for sparing him to me, when in his
" wrath as I thought he deprived me of a
" beloved husband, and three other lovely
" babes in the space of one short week !

" Oh !

“ Oh ! how chearfully I submitted to
“ poverty, and never cast one thought on
“ the income I lost by my husband’s
“ death, as still I could hold one, one dear
“ pledge of his affection to my bleeding
“ bosom ! But to have him torn thus
“ from me ! To see his last breath expire
“ in infamy, and brought to the gallows
“ by such guilt. Oh ! what a close of my
“ days !”

“ OH ! my God !” cried Arpasia, “ can
“ nothing be done to save him ? Have you
“ no friends to apply to ?”

“ My poor son,” she answered, “ told
“ me there was one gentleman, whom he
“ still hoped great things from ; though
“ he had written twice to him, without
“ having as yet got an answer. He gave
“ me a letter to put in the post ; but as I
“ saw the name of the direction was the
“ same as yours, and I could lose no time
“ by this little delay, I brought it with
“ me. Perhaps you, my dear madam,
“ may know him ; and a word from such

“ an

“ an angelic heart as yours, may have
“ more weight than even my poor
“ wretched son’s petition.”

WHAT were the feelings of Arpasia, when Mrs. Walker put in her hands a letter addressed to

“ *Richard Hanbury, Esq;*

“ *Hanbury Castle, Worcestershire.*”

THE utmost astonishment seized her. A man under sentence for forgery petitioning her uncle, whom she too well knew had been guilty of many crimes, and many more imputed to him ! To what a discovery might not this letter lead ? What a whirl of thought it gave occasion to. There was but the thickness of a wafer between her doubts and certainty. By opening the letter she might lay open a scene of villainy, by which she had been involved in all her difficulties. “ But by
“ what right do I wish to open this letter ?
“ Because I am interested most probably
“ in the contents ? Am I then to justify
“ myself by an unjust action ? No ; forbid.
“ it,

“ it, Heaven ! How know I sufficiently
“ the strength of my own heart and recti-
“ tude ? Perhaps the lives of many may
“ depend on my ignorance of these con-
“ tents. Oh ! perhaps,” cried she, “ my
“ uncle, my cousins, could I consign them
“ to death ? No—let them still enjoy
“ their ill-gotten wealth ; while with a clear
“ conscience I welcome poverty. If it is
“ the will of Heaven that their iniquity
“ shall be discovered, the Almighty will
“ bring it about without wounding my
“ heart by an action too reprehensible in
“ my own eyes to obtain my forgiveness
“ of myself.” She again put the letter
in the hand of Mrs. Walker. “ Let it
“ be instantly sent,” said she, “ the person
“ is my uncle, and now living in the
“ house where I first drew breath. My
“ name, however, would do the cause
“ of your son no good with Mr. Hanbury.
“ We are not on good terms together.”

CATHERINE, when her lady left the
room, was more explicit with Mrs. Walker.

She

She lamented the too exalted sense of honour which had influenced her mistress in her conduct of the letter. “There is not
“ a servant in the house,” said she, “ that
“ does not believe the will of the late
“ ’quire a forged one. There is nothing
“ so bad which Mr. Hanbury is not
“ capable of doing. He is suspected of
“ having shot the father of my dear Miss
“ Hanbury ; and some years before that,
“ he made an infamous attempt on the
“ bed of his brother’s wife. Oh ! that I
“ knew the contents of the letter !” Poor
Mrs. Walker shuddered at this relation ;
but, as still she hoped the preservation of
her son, she could not but rejoice, and
never-enough applaud the saint-like good-
ness of Arpasia, as she truly styled it—for
it certainly favoured strongly of primitive
Christianity, to give away her cloak to the
man who had taken her coat. But she
estimated the riches of the world as mere
dross, compared to the feelings of her own
mind ; and had so lively a faith, that if it

was

was best for her to be wealthy, Heaven would bestow it on her, that she rested easy, and continued to abide in that Providence which had never yet forsaken her.

BUT not to shut her eyes to all conviction, and when Heaven presented her a good to cast it away from her with insensibility, she refused not some days after to accompany Mrs. Walker in a visit to her son, which he had requested with the utmost earnestness, on hearing from his mother the heavenly character of his lodger, and above all, the thorough conviction that he must prepare for death ; as Mr. Hanbury, who likewise knew nothing could save him, refused to use any means for his preservation ; and indeed had rather accelerated his destiny, by the representation he had made to the Judge who condemned him.

CATHERINE attended her lady and Mrs. Walker in a chaise from Hendon, after some little preparation from the mother, they were admitted to the presence of the
unhappy

unhappy man, whose features were instantly recognized by Catherine. She exclaimed, " I am sure I saw your face at the Castle some little time before the death of the 'squire. I will take my oath of it. You came on some business to Mr. Richard Hanbury."

" OH ! my dear, dear son," cried his mother, hanging on his neck—" for Heaven's sake discharge your conscience of its secret sins, if you have been the means of depriving this most excellent lady of her property. To this world it can make no difference. You are too well convinced ; and I hope too resigned to your fate ; but what is this speck of time compared to eternity ? You may taste the fullness of joy for ever and ever, if by your penitence and retribution here you entitle yourself to the mercy of an all-forgiving Redeemer."

" I do indeed repent of my crimes," said he, " and feel the utmost conviction
" that

“ that they will meet pardon. It was on
“ that account I intreated this angel to
“ visit a poor condemned wretch in prison.
“ Thank Heaven, I have it in my power
“ to restore her the estate, which the
“ wicked contrivance of one of the worst
“ of men, together with my execution of
“ it, have deprived her of. Fate has at
“ length overtaken my numberless villa-
“ nies. It has made an example of me.
“ I yield to the sentence of the laws which
“ I have offended so grievously. And do
“ you, my dear mother, unite your prayers
“ with this blessed lady, whose eyes have
“ born such testimony to my sorrow, that
“ I may meet with mercy from that
“ Heaven I have too much neglected.
“ Be comforted in the midst of your
“ affliction, that time has been allowed me
“ for repentance. I might have been cut
“ off by accident before my guilty soul
“ could have discharged itself of its sin-
“ ful account. Oh ! Miss Hanbury, that
“ will, under which your uncle inherits the
“ estates

“ estates in Worcestershire, was forged by
“ me, according to his directions. The
“ true one he obtained on that day you
“ met the accident of having the boat
“ upset ; and I much fear it was a preme-
“ ditated scheme of your vile cousin, in
“ hopes your life might be endangered, if
“ not lost by it. By the circumstance of
“ your grandfather giving Mr. Richard
“ his keys to fetch a particular cordial
“ for you, he got possession of a former
“ will ; and during your confinement I
“ made another. I pretended to destroy
“ the true one ; but I preserved it care-
“ fully by me—Not, I own, for any good
“ purpose ; but to have a check on him,
“ and to be able to draw on him, when-
“ ever I should have occasion for secret
“ money. I never had cause yet to make
“ application to him, till since I was taken
“ up for a crime of a similar nature, hav-
“ ing unhappily been tempted to forge a
“ letter of attorney, in order to receive a
“ large sum from the Bank. It was
“ clearly

“ clearly proved, and I was condemned.
“ Life is sweet, and I conceived hopes
“ from my old friend Hanbury, whom I
“ have been connected with before your
“ birth. I used to be sent down as a spy
“ to the Castle very often, and from the
“ intelligence I gave, he regulated his
“ actions. I was down about a fortnight
“ before the accident of your worthy
“ father’s death ; and have no more
“ doubt than of my present existence that
“ your uncle’s hand destroyed him.

“ HERE, madam,” said he, taking out
a little case of green baize, “ here is the
“ original will. I will beg of you to bring
“ some credible witness to a deposition I
“ mean to make, which shall put the va-
“ lidity out of all dispute.”

ARPASIA could not but admire the
goodness of Providence that had brought
these events to light ; on a consultation
they sent for the Minister of the parish of
Kingston, requesting him to witness the
prisoner’s account of the forgery, It gave
a secret

a secret pleasure to Arpasia, to find her cousin Edward, who had ever been the greatest favourite with her of the whole family, was entirely innocent and ignorant of the proceedings of his father. To him she wrote that night — she could not prevail on herself to correspond with a monster, who had deprived both her parents of existence, since that of one so immediately followed, and was dependent on the other. She wished not to bring matters to the worst issue, and secretly hoped the information she gave her cousin would reach the Castle before the warrant, (which without compounding felony she was forced to consent should be taken out) was put in execution against her uncle. As she found the company of the mother afforded the utmost consolation to the condemned criminal, she took a lodging at Kinglton for her, being herself accommodated in the same house. The Clergyman, a most humane worthy character, attended poor Walker every

every day, to prepare him for the final termination of an ill-spent life ; and it is to be hoped, as his penitence seemed sincere, to the commencement of an eternity of bliss. He likewise used all the rhetoric of divinity to inspire the wretched mother with resignation, which together with the tender care and sweet consolations of Arpasia wrought in the poor woman the just sense of her duty in submitting to her afflictions ; which as they were mortal, would end with her transitory life—while the rewards would be permanent and everlasting.

C H A P. LIV.

The End of a hardened Sinner.

AS Arpasia had planned, her alarming letter arrived at the castle, some hours before the warrant. With what avidity did the eyes of Edward propose to read an epistle, which he saw signed by the still beloved name of “Arpasia Hanbury”—But a few lines blasted all his hopes—His father accused of Forgery!—a warrant out for his apprehension!—and an earnest request from the injured party that he would escape; with, at the same time a thankfulness to Heaven, that he, Edward, had not been involved in the guilt! what a combination of ideas!—The letter fell from his nerveless hand, and he sunk insensible on the floor—the noise of his fall, called the attention of his father, who wa
in

in the next room—Part of the story, explained itself—It was clear, the newly received letter had caused the disorder; curiosity superseded natural affection, he snatched up the letter, which, too soon revealed the mystery.—Edward now revived to sense—His seeing his father with the fatal letter, convinced him, he was acquainted with the contents, even if his countenance had not betrayed it. He dared not speak to him, but sat with his head hanging down, as if he had been the guilty person.

At last the most unheard-of curses burst from the lips of Richard Hanbury, on the devoted head of Walker, who had betrayed him—Edward begged him to restrain himself, as his agitation of spirit would more effectually betray him to his servants, and so cut off a retreat: He offered to attend him any where, and share his fortunes with him, in any clime or country—His father burst from him with a furious look, and ran out of the room—In the space of a

moment, Edward's ears were struck with the report of a pistol—For a few seconds, he remained rooted to the ground, but suddenly recovering from his stupor, he exclaimed, “ Oh ! my father ! my father ! ” and flew to the room whence the sound of groans proceeded—On the floor he found the wretched man, writhing in all the agony of torture ; too much wounded to live, and yet he might from the appearance of the wound last sometime. What a situation for a man of any feeling, and Edward's heart was of a gentle nature !—If he by timely assistance saved his father's life, it was to end it in an ignominious manner at the fatal tree—His own desperate hand had cut off all hopes of escape—And, let the wicked mark the righteous acts of Providence, with the very pistol he destroyed his amiable brother—did he do this deed of despair, and precipitate himself into the presence of an offended Deity !

THE poor wretch was carried to a bed, and all medical assistance called in—But
the

the hopes they gave, amounted to no more than an assurance that he might have time to settle his affairs.

“SETTLE!” cried he in agony—“I have none to settle here—Mine are all to come hereafter.”

His weeping son entreated him to have a clergyman—No, he would not hear of it.

“WHAT could a divine tell him? It was too late to learn—and he knew enough already—too much, since he could not get rid of the memory of what he knew.”

HE execrated his hand for performing so ill—“It did not fail me once before,” he said—He frequently called on them to destroy him.—In the evening, the messenger with the warrant, with all the paraphernalia of justice, arrived at the castle—He was then too near his death to hazard his removal, since that alone might accelerate it—The deposition of Walker, clearly exculpated every one else.

THE dying Hanbury, in a wild distracted manner, made a confession of all his crimes, and seemed to have a foretaste of the torments he expected—In vain they tried to compose him—Edward never left kneeling and imploring him to seek consolation in repentance. “ I tell you,” cried he with fierceness, “ that an whole age of
“ penitence could not wash away my guilt
“ —My whole life has been one black catalogue of crimes and blood—Talk not
“ of repentance!—Shut out all thought,
“ if you wish to see me easy—Stop up the
“ avenues of memory!—Hide the lovely
“ murdered Matilda from my view!—
“ Wrap her in her untimely shroud, that
“ she may be for ever removed from my
“ sight; nor curse me with her dying
“ frantic breath! Bury my brother!—
“ bury him deep—deep! that his bleeding
“ corpse may not rise up and say, *thus*
“ *didst thou!*—Where is my adulterous
“ partner? Can she make reparation?
“ Where is her husband? Is her con-
“ science

“ science feared enough to bear the whips
“ of scorpions?—Wash all these from my
“ tortured memory, and I may be at rest!”

He then raved of many other acts of wickedness, in which he had been involved—and in the deepest agonies of black despair, expired the next day.—Mr. Tomkins, at the request of Edward, wrote a particular account of every transaction to Arpasia, who wept over the melancholy relation, and piously hoped, that in some short moment, repentance might operate; and the guilty soul of the wretched Hanbury, meet with a mitigation of the sentence denounced against impenitent sinners.

EDWARD HANBURY, together with his brother and sister, (the former of which had just taken orders to qualify himself for holding the livings of Hanbury and Workington, vacant by the death of Doctor Bernard), immediately set off for London, not knowing how to dispose of themselves. As their departure was sudden, they left to Mr. Tomkins the care of disposing of the

corple of their wretched father—Maria Hanbury deplored the loss of her fortune, in the most indecent terms, which plainly shewed the depravity of her heart; and her little feeling for the death or the guilt that occasioned it, of her father. They repaired to their mother, to whom they were not very welcome visitors; but she could not without exposing her brutality, shut her doors against her offspring; though as she foresaw a diminution of her fortune, from such an addition to her family, she received them not very cordially. She threw every kind of blame on her deceased husband, whom she accused of being the worst of men. But Edward could not bear these cruel reflections on a man, who was now gone to answer for his misdeeds, and had by his latter sufferings, he hoped, made some little attonement for them.

CHAP.

C H A P. LV.

The Restoration.

AS there were no hopes for the poor criminal, Walker; Arpasia prevailed on his mother to take a final leave of him, which she had partly consented to, when she heard he was seized with a violent fever. His execution was necessarily delayed, and happily prevented in the end; as in less than a week he was carried off by it. To amuse the mind of the poor woman, and pass the time till the funeral at the castle was over, Arpasia took Mrs. Walker to Hendon, in order to dispose of her house and goods, making her the offer of residing with her in quality of housekeeper, or else near her in a small house she should appropriate to her use. The situation which placed her within sight of Miss Hanbury, she said, would be most acceptable, as she

loved her with the tenderness of a mother, and revered her as an angel. The disposal of her matters at Hendon was soon finished, and then they made preparations to set off for the Castle of Hanbury. Arpasia felt not that lightness of heart that many persons of her sex and age would, on the re-establishment of her fortune; the vicissitudes of her life had been so many and various, at least the last six months of it, that she in great measure lost her relish for the enjoyment of it.

THE reflections which in the cottage filled her eyes with tears, made them still run over in the castle; she could not fly from herself, and though no company afforded her pleasure, yet solitude was irksome.

SURROUNDED with cares and inquietudes, no one but herself could have an idea of, she travelled towards the castle. In the vale she was met, with all the inhabitants of the villages round the castle. They had procured bands of music; their

their flags were streaming in the wind, and all the treasures of autumnal Flora, were strewed in her way. “Alas!” she cried to herself, “Ye strew roses, but the thorns
“ pierce into my soul! How incompetent
“ are riches to the completion of happiness!—With the meanest of the surrounding multitude, how gladly would
“ I exchange stations!—Who would I not
“ be, rather than Arpasia Hanbury!”—Her tears flowed, while the air re-echoed with shouts and acclamations of praise and joy—Thus, like many a mighty hero of antiquity, whose head was crowned with lawrels, while perhaps his heart was bleeding with inward distress, did Arpasia make her triumphal entry just six months from the time she left the castle—But how much happier she was even then, let those say whose hearts are formed of the tenderest sensibility, and have had them torn to pieces by the hand they wished, and trusted would sustain them.

NEITHER the griefs or joys of Arpasia, made her selfish or negligent of the welfare of others—she was determined, never, as far as she could prevent it, the innocent should suffer for the guilty—Of James Hanbury, she had too ill an opinion to settle him in her own neighbourhood, nor did she think him in any degree fit for the duties of the church; but as he had looked on himself as already in possession of these livings, she knew not how to resolve to disappoint him—She wrote to Edward, informing him, she wished him to prevail with his brother, to give up all thoughts of these livings, and she would give him an adequate sum of money to establish himself any where else—On Maria, she would settle four thousand pounds; she should estimate the value of the livings at ten—and the remainder of the sum, originally intended for younger children which would amount to sixteen thousand, she begged he would accept of—And, if on mature deliberation, he should like the clerical profession,

feſſion, the livings ſhould be at his ſervice—Such unexpected, nay unexampled goodneſs, overwhelmed Edward—He knew not how to make, or reſtrain his acknowledgements—James wanted to perſuade him, that Arpaſia was in love with him, and that yet he might obtain her hand; he, however, had too much ſenſe, and too much goodneſs of heart, not to give her credit for her excellence without ſuch a view.—He freely owned in a letter to her, that to live within her neighbourhood, would be too dangerous to his peace—He had been accuſtomed to live in France, and for ſome time at leaſt, he ſhould wiſh to make it his reſidence. He called for the choiceſt bleſſings on her head—and prayed to Heaven, ſhe might meet the moſt felicitous fortune on earth—To hear of her welfare would ever be the higheſt happineſs he could enjoy.

MARIA and her mother not agreeing, ſhe accompanied her brother James into Yorkſhire, where he procured a living—They continue to reſide together—Their minds
are

are suited to each other ; they are not of a kind of beings to be respected, or experience much happiness from the result of their own feelings. Disappointment has not sweetened their tempers, and pride with want of proper sense, have not conciliated the good will of their parishioners, with whom they associate but little.

CHAP.

C H A P. LVII.

The Golden Age restored.

ARPA S I A made the tour of the cottages, imperceptibly her horse's head was turned to the glade ; she sighed, when she beheld it—A tear rushed into her eye—she thought she would turn back—No—why should she—another day she should feel as much—another !—every day, her treacherous memory too fatally stored, would present to her, images that ought to be forgotten for ever.

THE peaceful inhabitants of the glade ran out in transport, to meet her—She went into Greenwood's cottage, and the first object that struck her eyes was the drawing, of which she sighing deeply, remembered too well in whose hands she had seen the copy—The old man, his wife, and all
their

their numerous descendants were clamorous in the praise of their noble landlord; tho' they still wished she was again in possession of the property; for although they revered him, they adored her.

"OH! why did he ever deviate?" she cried—"Why must I be for ever condemning myself for not trusting him—" "To learn that painful lesson, I must no more visit the peaceful glade—It is dangerous to listen to his elogium when it is my interest to forget him for ever."

To leave her mind as little as possible in the power of the demon Melancholy, Arpasia busied herself in a thousand acts of benevolence, and settled many little differences that had arisen among her tenants—Mr. Tomkins informed her of many abuses which they had suffered; all among them were not equally good—such had, by underhand dealings, prevailed on Mr. Richard Hanbury to turn some out, for the benefit of themselves or friends—The school which she had instituted, had been neglected—The

—The mistress died in a few weeks after Arpasia left the country, and all had gone to ruin—She thought Mrs. Hutchins, the late housekeeper of Doctor Bernard would supply her place; to her she immediately sent, who gladly accepted the offer, being very well qualified for the undertaking—Even the sight of this poor woman, renewed in her bosom the keenest agonies; the voluntary bounty of Lord Derville to her, had impressed her heart with the most respectable esteem for him—Alas! one transaction of a dishonourable complexion was to obliterate the very many good actions she had known him perform.

In a few weeks every thing on the estate was put on the best footing—Harmony reigned amongst them all—Arpasia's name was never mentioned but with blessings, and her heart filled with the true happiness of bestowing benefits in some degree, lost the poignancy of her sorrows in the conviction, that she lessened those of every
ones

ones that fell within her knowledge or power.

VERY soon after she was settled at the castle, she wrote both to Mr. Travers and his sisters—She could never have forgiven herself, if she had suffered them to remain in ignorance of the re-establishment of her fortune, or if she left the knowledge of it to chance.

BUT though she was explicit to them respecting her affairs, she declined making them the offer of an invitation to the castle, briefly observing the fatality which precluded an acquaintance with persons for whom she should ever entertain the most perfect esteem and lively gratitude.

SHE sent most costly and elegant presents to them, in acknowledgement of her obligations — She expressed a maternal fondness for her sweet little Augusta; but the name of Lord Derville, never fell from her pen.

MR. TRAVERS loved her very much, and would fain have construed her non invitation

vation into forgetfulness — Lady Anne thought otherwise ; and dissuaded him from his wish of paying her a visit—Her never mentioning Lord Derville, did not strike her as particular ; she could not know her sentiments for him, and the peculiar situation of Arpasia and Lord Derville rendered it a propriety of conduct in the eyes of Lady Anne.

ALL connection and acquaintance now seemed quite at an end—" I shall neither see or hear more from them," cried Arpasia—" We shall be as if we had never met—Oh ! would to Heaven we never had ; or that I could forget them !"

SHE had the felicity of seeing all her dependants happy ; and the misfortune to feel herself wretched. The want of an elegant and pleasing companion, certainly contributed to render the solitary hours of Arpasia more tedious. She had the love of all who knew her, but she wanted a friend to whom she could unbosom herself,
with

with the sweet unrestraint of mutual confidence.

SHE was moving in a sphere, where all was too much below her. Both Catherine and Mrs. Walker, were very worthy creatures; but their state of dependence, and the line which birth and education had placed between them, made them improper companions for her to associate with—She regretted the loss of Lady Anne Travers's company; she was sensible, and of a refined understanding. How happy she thought she could pass her time with her, and the dear little Augusta. But fate prevented her wishes; it had for ever interdicted a communication which her heart told her would have contributed to her comfort.

SHE received the kindest congratulations from both her ladyship and Mr. Travers, but they followed her lead, and after the politest thanks for her elegant presents and friendly wishes for her happiness; nothing occurred, by which she could flatter herself,

self, that they even thought her total silence on a renewal of acquaintance, or on the subject of her not mentioning Lord Derville, any thing extraordinary.

It was very much her wish to re-purchase the property of the glade ; but there lay some difficulty in the negociation. She requested Mr. Tomkins to make application to Lord Derville on the subject.

THE old steward readily undertook it. He knew the sum of money it had cost, together with the alterations that had been made ; for two more cottages were erected to form a kind of quadrangle according to the original design of Arpasia, which the present landlord had a particular pleasure in adopting. As Lord Derville found from Mr. Tomkins's letter, that his lady had really set her heart on having this little estate back again ; he made no objection to the parting with it. He only hinted his wish of its being accepted as a small tribute to the worth of the amiable possessor ; this it may be believed, was rejected, with rather

ther an hauteur unnatural to Arpasia. She resumed her property, to the infinite joy of the venerable cottager and his family, which was continued to them at the same rent they held it from Lord Derville. The affair was settled time enough for the wedding of Sally Burrage, with her cousin John Greenwood, on the 24th of October, the day on which Arpasia attained the age of twenty. The money that was to have been received by Lord Derville, he desired Tomkins to distribute amongst the worthy inhabitants of the glade, on that day which had given birth to their landlady.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVIII.

An Acquisition.

WHEN Arpasia left the Castle, she carried many things of value with her to her old friend Doctor Bernard's, and which had been left there. It was now time to think of disposing of the livings, and therefore a journey to Workington became very necessary. She had fixed on a very worthy person, who had been some years curate to the Doctor; and who, having a large family, the accession of some hundreds to his now narrow income would be very acceptable. He was a man of family; but, from having married contrary to the inclination of his father, had been cut off with a shilling. His brother, when he came into possession of the estate, was very kind in taking notice of him and the children; but
having

having the title of a baronet to support, found his fortune by no means sufficient to make any considerable addition to the curate's income. He however would frequently send for the children, and gave them opportunities of receiving some polite learning with his own. Two of the sons he got out to India, and the eldest daughter spent most of her time in his house. An accidental illness of her mother now called her home, and as the parsonage-house at Workington was empty, Mr. Richard Hanbury had given them leave to reside in it during the sequestration of the living. The emoluments of which he bestowed on him likewise till his son James could hold it, together with Hanbury. Arpasia had not seen Miss Brandon since they were children, though she had been very kind to all the family; but, as it has been said, her residence had been mostly with Sir Thomas at another part of Worcester-shire. On her arrival at Workington, she was happy to find so pleasing an addition

addition to the group. Caroline Brandon was a sensible charming girl of twenty-two. Her mind had been much cultivated by her uncle's attention ; her manners were gentle, and a sweet but melancholy air in an instant interested the heart of Arpasia. She flattered herself she should find something congenial in the mind of Caroline. Nor was she mistaken. A perfect sympathy of sentiment insensibly attached them to each other—but in so early an acquaintance there could be no confidence. It is only silly and weak girls that commence friendships suddenly, and rapidly repose in each other the secrets of their hearts and families.

SENSIBLE and better instructed minds are convinced of the stability of each other's worth, before they lay open to their view the recesses of their hearts. Confidence is the basis, curiosity the bane of friendship—And there may be secrets too sacred ever to be divulged to the tenderest friend—secrets which may concern others as well

as ourselves—and which none but a curious ; impertinent would urge to know ; so none but a weak and foolish girl would seek to disclose.

THERE is a kind of free-masonry in love matters—Arpasia saw symptoms in Caroline, which no doubt Caroline as soon discovered in Arpasia. But they at the same time mutually discovered what was of more importance, that each possessed qualities that made them worthy of each other's friendship. Each feeling in her own heart the fatal necessity of suppressing an unfortunate attachment. They learned to respect each other's sufferings ; and if an involuntary sigh would heave the bosom of Arpasia, Caroline turned her conscious head aside, and though her breast echoed responsively, she seemed not sensible of any interruption of their conversation.

THEIR subjects were such as they could join in, and indulge the pleasing melancholy that had gained a too sovereign sway over each. Yet it prevented them not
from

from bestowing their share of amusement, indeed they were the greatest promoters of it. They both loved music. Arpasia put her harp in tune, and Caroline accompanied her voice in duets. Mr. Brandon, a sensible worthy man, found his heart expand with delight, as the means of providing for his family were now so ample—the produce of the two livings being near eight hundred a year; and Arpasia, with that judgment which she ever discovered, and with a grace all her own, had insisted on furnishing the Rectory of Hanbury; where, for her own sake, she requested him to fix his residence.

It was now she began to enjoy herself—she had found in Caroline Brandon a companion that suited her. They were for ever together; and the only wish she could now form, was by some means to discover whose image it was that sat enthroned on the amiable heart of her friend, and she enlarged that wish by fondly hoping it might be in her power to unite her for

ever to the man she honoured with her affections.

THE Castle was the seat of harmony and festive mirth at Christmas. The hall was filled with the tenantry, and the servants' hall with the peasants. Caroline was the right hand of Arpasia. There was an union of thought which shewed itself in every thing. The same benevolence, the same discriminating judgment, the same propriety in bestowing alms. Every object had some claim upon them. To none were they deaf—or would they turn their eyes away from distress in any shape. The hardened bold beggar they sought to reclaim, and provided with employ; if on a trial, which was patiently attended to, they were found idle, dissolute, and abandoned, they were ordered to quit the neighbourhood under pain of confinement, and whatever punishment they could inflict. But how did their hearts exult when they gained a proselyte!—When they could change the sturdy mendicant (a bur-
then

then to the state) to an honest labourer, the riches of the nation ! And such is the force of precept when inculcated by good example, that these instances were not very rare. In a few months there was not a beggar in the environ of the Castle. Those that from ill habit chose to remain such soon bent their steps another way. Those who had better principles readily flocked where they were sure to procure employ ; and not be constrained to go to a parish, which, whether from inherent pride, which in an English bosom is called a love of liberty and independence, is to one and all so extremely obnoxious.

THE constant exercise of such powers left the friends little time for dwelling on the sorrows which in a state of idleness corrodes the bosom, and shuts it up from the misfortunes of the world to contemplate on its own feelings. But the impressions each had received were not worn out—the names, which yet never passed the lips of either, were written in indelible characters.

Even philosophy, reason, and religion, it has been proved, were too weak to obliterate from the heart of Arpasia, a passion, which all three united to condemn. It was interwoven with her existence, and with that only could it end. But it no longer tore her bosom with anguish. Her employments and the necessary attention she paid her numerous guests (for all her acquaintance came to see her now her establishment was fixed) were such claims on her time as she could not avoid giving up to. And, by recalling her mind from objects too interesting and too habitual ever to be thought of without emotion, she insensibly afforded relief.

CAROLINE one day took out her pocket-book to give her a little copy of verses which they intended setting to music. Some other papers came out at the same time, which she was hastily putting up, when somebody coming in, the song was no more thought of. They went into the garden, and some hours after Arpasia, going

going into the library where they had been sitting, saw a little piece of paper lying on the ground that seemed to be the outline of a face. She picked it up, but what astonishment seized her when she plainly beheld the profile of Lord Derville. The *contour* of that face it was impossible she should ever forget, or be mistaken in. That it had dropped from the pocket-book of Caroline was as certain. Was Lord Derville then the man for whom she sighed? Where could she ever have been acquainted with him? Could he have given it to her? Ah! had he availed himself of his too seducing powers to captivate the innocent heart of this amiable girl. Oh! how reprehensible she should think him. *Should think him*—had she not sufficient reason in her own sad particular to reprehend him? What would she give to have him clear himself of this offence! What could she resolve on? How should she be satisfied? How could she wound the bosom of Caroline by making the enquiry?

quity ? Perhaps she knew not he was a married man ! Oh ! if he was capable of such baseness, how easy would the task be of banishing him for ever from her heart. “ Alas ! ” cried she, weeping, “ I thought — I hoped I had done so long ago. “ Must the sweet bosom of my gentle Caroline be torn by the same barbed arrow “ that rankles in mine ! ” Her eyes were red with tears, and she wandered into the air to recover herself ; but, forgetting the resolution she made, she burst into a fresh agony of grief, when she was conscious she could do so unobserved. At last her reason prevails, or the sources of tears were dry. More composed, and yet ignorant how she should restore the profile to the right owner, without wounding her sensibility. She went into the house—a little artifice presented itself to her imagination, for she had consulted her judgment without success. She dropped the fatal likeness on the ground from whence she had taken it, and, apparently without design, led

led Caroline to the spot. She pointed out to her she had dropped something. Caroline stooped, picked it up, a little blush at first tinged her cheek, but without the least emotion she put it in her pocket-book. She spoke not a word. Arpasia had not power to articulate a syllable, but turned away and walked out of the room. A carriage drove up to the door with some company, who staid with them till evening. Caroline seemed just as usual. Arpasia was frequently lost in thought. She retired soon after a supper, that was on her part almost a silent one ; and her pale dejected looks, with sunken eyes, the next morning too plainly told how the night had been passed.

C H A P. LIX.

The Explanation.

CAROLINE bore a most tender regard for her friend, and was extremely hurt to see so manifest an alteration in her. Tho' never gay, she had not for a long time seen her grave, and never beheld her spirits so depressed as they now were. She knew not to what cause to attribute it. Arpasia had received no information that could have thus affected her peace. She felt anxious to know. She wished it was in her power to chase away the pensive anguish that was pining at her heart, to dress her sweet face with smiles, and calm her ruffled bosom. But how, or in which way should she do it? She knew not what might have passed in the many years she had been separated from her. She was not
authorised

authorised to dive into her secret thoughts, her only business then was to seek to divert them. For which purpose she prepared a thousand things most likely to interest the feelings of such a mind as Arpasia. She saw into the good design of Caroline; she felt gratefully for the attention of this amiable girl; and whatever cares or troubles invaded her bosom, she glossed them over with a smile, and for a while bade them rest.

THEY went that evening to drink tea at the Rectory. The delight with which the good Mr. Brandon and his family ever received their charming patroness gave pleasure to her of the highest kind. These were propensities it did her honour to indulge. Here she might enjoy all the luxury of benevolence, and truly experience all that mortals can feel in the God-like attribute of bestowing benefits on the worthy.

HER visit was of service to her. She returned infinitely more chearful than she sat out. Caroline was happy to see this

improvement ; it gave her spirits, and she was vastly more gay at supper than Arpasia had ever known her.

THE butler, an honest excellent old servant, listened with rapture to the conversation that passed ; for Arpasia seemed inspired with the hilarity of her friend. Caroline fixed her eyes on him for a moment, and tearing off a small piece of paper from the cover of a letter, and taking out her scissors, without stopping the conversation, cut out his profile, which was an art she was a great proficient in—and as soon as his departure gave her leave, laid it on the table before the eyes of Arpasia. The likeness, which was a very accurate one, struck her amazingly. It was clear now that she had been in company with Lord Derville, and had sufficiently contemplated his face to cut it out. In a hesitating manner she asked, if she often took those likenesses—“ Yes,” she replied, “ when any particular turn of features strike me.”

“ AND

“AND are you always thus successful?”

“IN general — I will shew you some,” taking out the fatal pocket-book. Arpasia changed colour.

“BUT perhaps I do not know any of the persons?”

“HERE is one,” shewing her father— then one of her mother—“and this is my uncle—and this is—no, not that” removing one, “this is my cousin Brandon —And this,” said she, with a sigh, and her cheeks suffused with blushes, “is a gentleman, who last Easter was on a visit at my uncle’s.”

“You won’t let me see that, Caroline?” said Arpasia.

“MOST willingly, my dear Miss Hanbury,” said she, “though I own I ought not to keep it. Indeed I have not much occasion” she added in a voice almost below a whisper. Arpasia’s feelings can be but ill described, her breath grew thick, her temples beat, and her whole frame was agitated; she took the fatal piece of paper
in

in her hand—What mystery ! It was no longer the profile of Lord Derville, the dreaded Lord Derville, that met her eye. Sir James Hawley's features exactly delineated.

“ SIR James Hawley,” exclaimed Arpasia.

“ Do you know him ?” asked Caroline, with a face pale as ashes, and a faltering voice that in one instant told the whole story.

“ I HAVE seen him,” answered she, “ but gathering a little more courage, added, “ have you no more to shew me ? I do “ not think I have seen all your collection.”

“ OH ! no,” said Caroline, assuming courage too, from Arpasia's manner—“ I “ have several more. This is a particular “ friend of Sir James. My Lord Derville, “ one of the handsomest men I ever beheld, “ and I believe as amiable as his person “ is faultless. I passed near a fortnight “ with him at Brandon Lodge. I do not “ know

“ know hardly a more agreeable man—my
 “ dear Arpasia, what ails you ? Are you
 “ sick ? You look pale as death. Is the
 “ room too close ?”

“ No, no,” cried Arpasia, rising and
 walking about, gasping for breath—“ I
 “ shall be better by and bye. Be so kind
 “ as to leave me for a few moments. In-
 “ deed, my dear, I shall be better if alone.”

“ Oh ! pardon me, my dearest Miss
 “ Hanbury, if I disobey you ; I cannot
 “ leave you, and see you thus distressed—
 “ Is there any thing in my power to assist
 “ you. For Heaven’s sake,” continued
 she, kneeling by the sofa on which Arpa-
 sia had thrown herself—“ suffer me to con-
 “ sole you if possib’le. My heart has bled more
 “ than once this day ; I saw your pale dis-
 “ ordered looks this morning ; I have ex-
 “ erted myself even more than my poor
 “ powers are equal to, to raise your spirits
 “ —Why are you not happy ? You, who
 “ are so good, so desirous of making every
 “ one so. Oppressed with my own feelings,
 “ I shall

“ I shall not be able to survive any
“ distress that overwhelms you.”

“ My sweetest Caroline,” cried the affectionate Arpasia, folding her to her bosom, “ I will strive to be better for your
“ sake—No, your excellent heart shall
“ not be overwhelmed with my sorrows—
“ You, dear girl! I doubt have too many
“ of your own.”

“ I HAVE none, if I see my beloved Miss
“ Hanbury happy.”

“ My dearest Caroline, do you know
“ Lord Derville is a married man ?”—She
hesitated while she pronounced the name—
Carolina looked at her for a moment, without speaking.

“ Good God !” cried Arpasia, “ how
“ am I to interpret this silence ?”

“ WILL my amiable Miss Hanbury forgive me, for daring to read her thoughts?
“ I see you are acquainted with Lord Derville, and that you apprehend his fine
“ figure and accomplishments, have impressed me with a partiality they might
“ well

“ well inspire—I have in a thousand in-
“ stances received proofs of your friend-
“ ship—but tell me—yet do not, if you
“ feel the least disinclination to divulge
“ your thoughts—No, I will attribute it
“ to the so-often-experienced goodness of
“ your heart—and believe, if you wish I
“ should, that all the distress you disco-
“ ver, is for fear your unhappy Caroline
“ should be improperly attached to a mar-
“ ried man.”

ARPASIA could not for one moment sup-
port the idea of being disingenuous—
“ No, my generous Caroline,” said she,
“ I will not deceive you, I have long
“ known Lord Derville—and if he too
“ had power to break your peace, as he
“ has mine for ever, I shall but strive to
“ tear his idea from my heart with double
“ energy—I will own” she added, while
the tears ran down her glowing cheek,
“ that yesterday I saw this fatal little like-
“ ness—Oh ! my Caroline, you know not
“ how weak, how reprehensible your friend
“ is.

“ is. Sympathetic in our feelings, and
“ congenial in our sentiments, are we both
“ doomed to the same misfortune ?”

“ YOUR confidence my dearest Arpasia,
“ calls for the same openness on my part—
“ I admire Lord Derville—All who know
“ him must do so ; but the idea of love
“ for him never entered my mind. He
“ honoured me with that attention which
“ a polite man finds incumbent on himself
“ to do ; and nothing farther. But,”
continued she, blushing and hiding her face
on the shoulder of Arpasia, as they sat side
by side—“ dare I own his friend—Alas !
“ I ought not to have given way to the
“ delusive hope ! I will not however, con-
“ ceal a thought—a weakness from you,
“ his friend Sir James Hawley could not be
“ beheld with equal indifference ; I strove
“ not to yield to the too pleasing, too flat-
“ tering idea that I was not indifferent to
“ him ; you know him, madam, will the es-
“ timable qualities that even impartial jus-
“ tice must allow him, will they operate
“ to excuse my folly ?”

THOUGH

THOUGH relieved from the apprehension that they were both fighting in vain for the same object, yet Arpasia felt the utmost distress on finding her amiable friend was still the prey of a hopeless flame; hardly knowing how to continue a conversation on the subject, she took the likeliest method of pleasing Caroline, though certainly the most ineffectual to the cure of her passion. She allowed every merit which justice made due to Sir James; but in the circumstance of his address to herself, she preserved a strict silence, only observing it was a little singular, that although their sentiments and opinions so intirely coincided in almost every thing, yet in their preferences they should be so very different, since Sir James Hawley never would have been the object of her choice, notwithstanding she really felt a great esteem for him. She gathered from Caroline, who found pleasure in opening her whole soul, that the behaviour of the baronet had been of that kind, to conciliate the affection of a gentle tender girl,

girl, whose sensibility and gratitude was excited by a distinction that she, divested of fortune and consequence, could not but see was paid to herself alone—And indeed she had made some impression on the heart of Sir James, though he did not intend to do so much mischief as was actually the case—Caroline was infinitely superior to her cousins, and as such, interested Hawley—Her beauty attracted, and her uncommon sweetness of temper, induced him to pay more than ordinary attention to her—If at that time he had been disposed to marry, he knew not the woman so likely to make him happy as Caroline Brandon. But when his intimacy with Lord Derville brought him acquainted with Arpasia, he felt so ardent a passion for her, that his little rural charmer was hardly thought of more, and he secretly rejoiced that he had never made any open declaration to her.—This is so common a *trait* in the character of mankind, that they think nothing of it—No matter what interpretation women
put

put on their marked assiduities—They acquit themselves to their own consciences, if they have not absolutely in so many words said, “ I love you ;” and perhaps too often laugh at the credulous girl, who they have for months given up their time to the sole purpose of pleasing, if she should be weak enough to suppose they were ever in earnest.

ARPASIA’S task was a hard one; she could not have the cruelty to inform Caroline, (besides the apparent vanity of it,) that she could have no hopes after the tender professions of Sir James to herself, and his consequent visit to the continent, neither could she encourage the amiable girl in her unfortunate attachment.

“ THERE is a fatal similarity,” said she,
“ my dear Caroline, between us : We have
“ each a peculiar call for all the strength
“ of our reason, to combat the too tender
“ propensities of our hearts—Let us unite
“ in the arduous undertaking of conquer-
“ ing our weakness—I believe, and hope
“ we

“ we shall find it easier from this free communication of our sentiments ; yet I am
“ convinced we shall encrease our difficulties, by dwelling too much on them—
“ The struggles I have had, have too visibly injured my health ; and after all,
“ why am I thus affected, because I created
“ a form in my own mind and falsely,
“ foolishly called it by the name of Derville—The charm is now broken for
“ ever ; I will, indeed I will forget him,
“ and I fear it is a lesson—a hard one I
“ know it, which I must recommend to
“ my Caroline.”

CAROLINE was too noble minded to hear Lord Derville accused, without wishing to be his advocate—“ I will not pretend,” said she, “ to vindicate his lordship from
“ the censure you may have had cause to bestow on him—but that he possesses
“ some of the most amiable qualities, I am
“ well assured.”

In support of her assertion, she added many instances of the general philanthropy
of

of his mind; his liberality of sentiment, his worth, affability, generosity and a long—but not to Arpasia's ears, tedious catalogue of his virtues. "Ah!" cried she, with a sigh, "why am *I* alone deprived of the pleasure of giving my fiat to so amiable a character? Why must *I* ever deplore in myself the fatal exception? Why should one fault, one inexpressible offence, act as a sponge to wipe out the fair list of excellencies, my discriminating friend has so sweetly strung together."

A LETTER written with his own hand, was too incontrovertible an evidence for Caroline to attempt invalidating—she could only lament he was not all perfection, and join with her dear Arpasia in the necessary reformation, with all the strength of resolution it was possible for two young women to adopt; they passed almost the whole night in their first essay, for they ceased not talking of Lord Derville and Sir James Hawley, till the almost expiring candles warned them it was time to go to bed; with

surprize

surprize they saw it was past four in the morning.

IN their ramble in the park, being a fine spring morning, they united in declaring what a relief to their minds the last night's conference had occasioned, though their daily avocation went on, and the springs of benevolence and hospitality never failed, yet they frequently found time to renew their conversations, and compare the progress they each made in their cure. Poor silly girls! they deceived themselves! their hearts were lightened of the load of "griefs undivided," but whenever the hand of reason probed the wound, they plainly discovered they were not "hushed into peace."

CHAP.

C H A P. LX.

An Adventure.

THE spring was now far advanced, and the friends continued daily improving in the opinion of each other—they had devoted themselves to a life of celibacy, since they were convinced no other affection could ever be created in their bosoms, than what had first impressed them.

ARPASIA had for some time laboured under a slight disorder of the hectic kind, and Caroline was so great an advocate for change of air, that at her express desire, they sat off on a little excursion, meaning to spend some time at the Hot-wells at Bristol. The air, exercise, and variety of persons and places soon restored her health. She used to ride and walk on the hills, Caroline ever her companion—One day as

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they were driving in the cabriole, a poor emaciated figure, such as are too often seen at those salutary springs, was tottering along by herself, seeming every moment ready to expire—Compassion made Arpasia check her horses speed, and she turned her face to catch the eye of the invalid, hoping to be of some service to her—The spectre looked up—Started, gave a faint exclamation, and sunk on the earth.

THIS very circumstance alone would have given an extreme shock to so gentle a heart as Arpasia's; but there was something in the voice and manner that struck on "the nerve where agonies are born"—She gave the reins to Caroline, and jumped out of the carriage, hastening to the almost dying wretch—Caroline soon got rid of her charge, by calling to one of the servants, and flew to the assistance of her friend, whom she feared would be quite overcome, as her face was as pale as the poor creature's on the ground.—Who lifting up her eyes and again meeting Arpasia's, endeavoured
to

to turn her head aside—" Oh ! it must, it
 " must be her."—Arpasia cried out " It
 " must be my poor unhappy Charlotte!—
 " I have met with you at last—Dear, dear
 " Charlotte, speak to me?"

" AND can you call me by such en-
 " dearing names?" cried she—" Oh !
 " leave me to my just fate—I deserve not
 " this pity, this attention from you—They
 " harrow up my soul, which would fain
 " depart in peace—and be for ever for-
 " gotten" — The tears ran in copious
 streams down the face of Arpasia, and fell
 on the bosom of Charlotte.

" OH!" she cried " I have ever wished
 " to see you—but not thus to meet my
 " first friend—I earnestly hoped we should
 " meet—as I never could be happy till I
 " had cleared up all suspicion in your
 " bosom."

" TALK not thus kindly to me"—she
 answered—" I have been the vilest of
 " wretches—your forgiveness I could bear,
 " but your tenderness subdues me quite—

“ I do not—oh ! my dear Arpasia, if you
“ will allow me to call you so—I do not
“ deserve to be treated thus by you ; stained
“ with guilt and dying in consequence of
“ it—you should spurn me from your
“ presence.”

“ No,” cried Arpasia, “ my repentant
“ Charlotte shall be held next my bosom,
“ we will part no more—In my fostering
“ care your health shall be restored, and
“ peace and happiness may yet be yours.”
“ NEVER ! Never !” she replied.

THEY got her into the chaise, and Arpasia sitting by her, and supporting her in her arms, they reached a little cottage, where lived a humane widow, who Arpasia had been kind to—there she procured an asylum for her poor friend, with every comfortable accommodation. What a task to relate to Caroline, that this poor squalid wretch, covered with rags, disease and vermin, was the wife of her noble friend Lord Derville.

HER

HER first care was to carry a sufficient change of linen, and every thing to make her state as easy as possible, together with a physician, to whom she said the poor patient had known better days, without informing him farther.

THE cordials, clean cloathing and great tenderness of Arpasia, seemed to have a good effect on the wretched Charlotte—Arpasia was all impatience to hear the recital of her story, and the strange vicissitudes, by which she had been reduced to this deplorable condition; but it was a curiosity that at present, her solicitude for her poor friend's restoration sufficiently repelled—She passed many hours of each day by her bedside, administering to her with all the affection possible, and soothing her sorrows without hinting at the follies that had produced them.

THE doctor who attended her, gave Arpasia but little hopes of her recovery—the state of her blood, from a bad disorder neglected, had occasioned symptoms of a most

alarming nature; she herself thought she should not live—She did not wish it, only to be reconciled to her friends, and receive their forgiveness; she was travelling, she said to Berkshire, to attain a sight of her poor father, if possible, to be restored to his love; but conscious of her unworthiness, she travelled like one without hope—As her sensibility seemed awakened, Arpasia said to her—“ You wished to gain a blessing from your parent—I hope, my dear Charlotte, you remember you have a child?”—“ I do—I do—” cried she, while the tears flowed from her eyes—“ I well remember, though I have proved such a disgrace to it, that never to have my name mentioned before her, will be an happiness—I have an husband too, whom I have cruelly injured; I never loved him, but that was the least of my faults; it might be charged to the error of nature—No, all that I knew of that destructive passion I lavished on the most worthless of human beings. If I have
“ strength

“ strength remaining, I will to-morrow re-
 “ late to you my sad history ; you will
 “ notwithstanding the exquisite gentleness
 “ of your disposition have much to blame
 “ me for ; I know how culpable I have
 “ been, but I was not blest with your
 “ good sense ; too weak in myself, I fell a
 “ prey to the artful and designing.”

At her earnest request, Arpasia wrote to
 Lady Anne Travers, the circumstance of
 meeting with her, and her sincere peni-
 tence ; she begged that she might be im-
 powered to assure her dying friend, that
 her crimes were forgiven. She wrote a
 pathetic letter to Mr. Bromley on the same
 subject, and the next day, together with
 Caroline, at the express wish of Charlotte,
 who chose to have a witness of this conver-
 sation, she repaired to the cottage, where
 the once blooming and fashion-leading
 Lady Derville was laid ; a wretched spec-
 tacle for the vain and giddy to contem-
 plate, and an example to make them trem-
 ble, lest the fatal end may be theirs.

C H A P. LXI.

The Fair Penitent.

“ I WAS too inconsiderate,” said Charlotte, “ to attempt to conceal my follies
“ from you. I am convinced you saw my
“ unhappy partiality very early for the vi-
“ lest of men. I too well remember the many
“ sensible and friendly things you said to me
“ on the occasion; and had I received your
“ instructions and followed your advice I
“ had been happy. But I had not virtuous
“ principles—I am certain I had not, or
“ I should not have fallen a victim to the
“ art of Colonel Howitzer and Lady
“ Mariden. A fashionable levity was my
“ bane in the first instance. The Colonel
“ had distinguished himself in the annals
“ of gallantry. I was flattered with having
“ a man in my train that half the women
“ of

“ of my acquaintance admired, and some
“ few had found dangerous. I really
“ meant nothing more than to attach him
“ to me, and at first had no bad intention.
“ Thus was I situated when you became a
“ visitor at my house. I used to love you
“ very much when I was a girl. I must
“ have been the most ungrateful of
“ wretches not to have done so ; but the
“ superiority I could not but see in-
“ dependent of riches, made me rather
“ fear than love you, after the renewal of
“ our friendship in Portman-square. I
“ then soon learned it was necessary to be
“ cautious in my conduct, as your pene-
“ trating eyes and solicitude for my hap-
“ piness gave you a quick-sightedness,
“ that to my foolish apprehension made
“ you troublesome to me. I was weak
“ enough to inform the Colonel of the
“ necessity of being very circumspect be-
“ fore you. I could not have given more
“ encouragement to such a man, so well
“ versed in intrigue ; it was in effect giv-

“ ing him an entire power over me, which
“ he failed not to use to his advantage.
“ Indeed I do not mean to throw all the
“ blame of my subsequent conduct on
“ him; I am too fully sensible that the
“ excuses of a married woman on the
“ score of seduction are futile and vain.
“ They are too often the seducers them-
“ selves, and even Colonel Howitzer, if
“ my person had attracted him, would
“ not have thought of subduing my virtue,
“ had I not by a thousand coquetish arts
“ afforded him reason enough to believe it
“ was not impregnable. But, as I said be-
“ fore, I really had no further intention
“ than to mortify some women of my ac-
“ quaintance, who I perceived were desi-
“ rous of being the first in his notice.
“ How cautious should our sex be of giv-
“ ing way to so weak, so dangerous a pro-
“ pensity as vanity! It was the source of
“ my misfortunes and guilt. It has been
“ the bane and destruction of the fairest
“ prospect of happiness that a woman
“ could enjoy!

“ HAD

“ HAD my conduct been actuated by
 “ prudence, or even policy, I should in
 “ all probability have endeared myself to
 “ the heart of Lord Derville. The native
 “ goodness of his disposition and his just
 “ principles would have led him to have
 “ esteemed me, and I might have inspired
 “ him with the tenderest passion. In my
 “ marriage with him—that is in having a
 “ magnificent establishment, having coro-
 “ nets on my carriages, and an elegant
 “ house crowded with company—every
 “ wish of my heart was gratified. My hus-
 “ band was a necessary appendage, that
 “ was however the least in my estimation.
 “ I regarded him not—nor did I care what
 “ were his sentiments of me, provided he
 “ never found fault with my conduct.

“ FROM the moment I had given the
 “ hint of precaution to Colonel Howitzer,
 “ from that moment I was fully in his
 “ power. He artfully sought not to avail
 “ himself of it, till it was too much esta-
 “ blished, and too habitual for me to

“ make any resistance to it. I seemed as if
“ I directed him in every thing, while in
“ reality I was only a puppet danced on
“ his wires. The gaiety of my behaviour
“ took off all suspicion—and I believe,
“ giddy as every one thought me, no one
“ supposed me capable of deep-laid schemes.
“ My Lord was too indifferent to me
“ to excite my jealous apprehensions—
“ Nor, I am convinced, did he ever in the
“ slightest instances give me cause to
“ feel any. I saw, as every one did, the
“ deference he paid your excellencies—
“ but I saw it with an undisturbed repose.
“ Your excellencies I envied not—nor
“ cared I how much attention they claimed
“ from men who were not at all to my
“ taste. For a long time I took little no-
“ tice of Colonel Howitzer before you,
“ but I had many opportunities of seeing
“ him when you were not present, and then
“ I availed myself of the restraint I had
“ before been obliged to practise, and
“ gave him all the freedom he could wish.
“ Though

“ Though still I fancied myself virtuous,
“ because in one instance I had not injured
“ my husband’s honour.

“ THE scheme of performing plays was,
“ I thought, a most glorious one. Lord
“ Carberry, a little time before we left
“ Portman-square, gave me a hint, that
“ there was a warm attachment forming
“ between you and my Lord Derville.
“ He hoped it would not be carried to
“ the utmost lengths, but he begged me
“ to watch you with the greatest scrutiny,
“ but to be cautious of betraying my sus-
“ picions. By this time I was so deeply
“ inthrall’d with my passion for Howitzer,
“ that I received this piece of information
“ with pleasure. I congratulated myself
“ that you would be so much taken up
“ with your new engagements, as would
“ prevent your seeing any thing in my
“ conduct—or, if you did, a conscious-
“ ness of your own failings would make
“ you indulgent to mine. The idea of
“ acting plays was first started by the
“ Colonel,

“ Colonel. He had a double view in it ;
“ it would make him a more frequent
“ visitor at our house, it would provide
“ him with many opportunities of private
“ conversations with me, and it would
“ lead to so much intimacy between you
“ and Lord Derville, as might produce
“ effects he wished should happen, in order
“ to accelerate his schemes upon me.

“ HE cursed your prudery, as he called
“ it, for requesting the rehearsals might
“ be always public. That yours was so
“ with my lord I am entirely convinced,
“ but to my shame I own ours were not
“ always. Happy had it been for me if
“ they had !

“ You well remember how earnest we
“ all were for the day on which the The-
“ atre was to be opened. The first play
“ was the Clandestine Marriage, the se-
“ cond was to be Tamerlane. In the even-
“ ing preceding the commencement, this
“ base man said to me, that we were not
“ sufficiently perfect in our parts in that
“ tragedy,

“ tragedy, and urged me to go over a scene
“ with him, and that it might be performed
“ with greater success it must be in the
“ theatre. I went with him into the room
“ set for our entertainments, when in
“ the most pathetic language he lamented
“ that the character of Monefes had not
“ been attached to him, and Arpasia to
“ me. He repeated some of the warmest
“ lines in the part of Monefes, and catch-
“ ing me in his arms, his careffes, I blush
“ to say, seemed to fire my soul. I felt
“ an unusual and guilty transport. Yet
“ I had just virtue enough to burst from
“ him. My resistance, which was however
“ too faint, and too little in earnest to
“ repel his ardour, only called for more
“ resolution on his side. He, as if by ac-
“ cident, threw down the candle. My
“ prudence, virtue and honour fell with
“ it. My spirits were thrown into a tumult
“ by an adventure that ought to have
“ filled me with shame, and I believe you
“ may remember that I was more than
“ com-

“ commonly lively that night at supper.
“ I went to bed with my head full of the
“ idea of a man who I loved more than
“ ever, and gave myself up to the guilty
“ resolution of indulging my illicit com-
“ merce, though with double caution, lest
“ a discovery should preclude the enjoy-
“ ment of it.

“ THE fatal circumstance of the fire,
“ which no doubt was the consequence of
“ his extinguishing the light in a hurry,
“ and which had somehow communicated
“ a spark to part of the scenes, gave very
“ little uneasiness to me, as I hoped we
“ should still obtain some opportunities
“ that would be favourable to our intrigue.
“ To prevail on me to bless him more fre-
“ quently, as he stiled it, he laboured to
“ convince me that you were equally cul-
“ pable with myself, and that, if I would
“ be diligent in my observation, I might
“ easily detect you. I knew not any pur-
“ pose it would answer, as I was as happy
“ as my utmost wishes could desire. And
“ yet

“ yet I ardently longed to have you as
“ guilty as myself. I fancied then all the
“ superiority I could not but be sensible
“ you justly merited, would sink and we
“ should be on a level. But your virtue
“ was not to be surprised, and the affection
“ you inspired in the bosom of my hus-
“ band was as pure as the object was
“ lovely. I had then but one way, which
“ was to undermine your reputation. I
“ should not however have been so exe-
“ crably base, but from a circumstance
“ that filled me with dismay. I found my
“ guilty indulgence would be productive
“ of consequences, which the manner of
“ my having lived with Lord Derville
“ since the birth of Augusta would fix a
“ suspicion on me in his bosom. Our cus-
“ tom had been ever to sleep in different
“ beds. In short, my shame would have
“ been notorious to him. I was not fully
“ convinced of my situation, till the day
“ before you went on the water. My lord
“ remonstrated to me on my imprudent
“ conduct.

“conduct. I felt too conscious of the
“justice of his remarks, and wished to
“make a quarrel. I threw out hints
“which his innocence prevented his ap-
“plying to himself. I grew careless of
“my behaviour, as my only hopes then
“rested on a detection, which would occa-
“sion a divorce, and that I might have a
“chance of marrying the man I still doated
“on to distraction. I told him how I was
“circumstanced, and how I was likewise
“situated. I knew not how to proceed, at
“last I prevailed on him to elope with
“me. I wished for nothing more than to
“have an uninterrupted intercourse with
“him, fancying our raptures were to last
“for ever ; and that a passion founded in
“guilt and infamy would continue its
“permanency and pleasures as long as we
“lived. I believe I should not have
“so readily made him adopt my scheme,
“but that I painted to him in pretty
“strong colours my fixed opinion of Lord
“Derville never having recourse to the
“law,

“ law, while he could lift a sword or draw a
“ trigger. Notwithstanding all his bluster,
“ I knew the Colonel was not desirous of
“ hazarding his life on equal terms.

“ WHEN I left our house at Brighton to
“ go to the mask ball. I vowed to How-
“ itzer, I never would return to it, and
“ that the only means of escaping the ven-
“ geance of my husband was to go off, and
“ as we had previously quarrelled, I
“ should never have so good an opportu-
“ nity of throwing the blame on you and
“ my lord’s amour, which had been pro-
“ pagated by Lady Marsden, who had
“ taken some pains to find out your boat-
“ men, and bribing high, induced them
“ to give such a relation to the affair of
“ the storm, that every one passed their
“ opinion freely on the matter. The only
“ act of prudence I ever committed, was
“ the having no confidante of my intrigue
“ —but by that means I was without sup-
“ plies—However the generosity of my
“ lord, who, over and above the very
“ ample

“ ample and noble allowance I had, frequently made me presents, furnished my purse pretty well.—We took passage for Dieppe, and made our way to Paris—The frolick which had given zest to the affair in the eyes of the colonel soon was over—my fondness grew irksome to him—His behaviour no longer had the charm I once discovered—Ill nature was visible in his whole deportment; we lived so much like man and wife, that he soon became quite the brutal husband—Our finances grew short, he cursed the hour he first became acquainted with me—I had no cause to hail it with blessings—We grew bad company to each other; he attached himself to every woman he could form hopes of.

“ At Paris I met Sir James Hawley—His surprize at seeing me was as natural as great—Yet he had heard a confused account of my withdrawing myself from my family—I now heartily despised Howitzer, though I knew not how to

“ break

“ break with him ; and I hope I made
 “ some little atonement for my transgres-
 “ sions, by explaining to Sir James how
 “ groundless was the ill opinion he had
 “ taken up against my lord—For How-
 “ itzer had told me, the artifice of Lord
 “ Carberry, to inspire him with the suspi-
 “ cion that Lord Derville had prevented
 “ his suit being acceptable to you, by trea-
 “ cherously undermining him in your
 “ opinion—I felt the injustice, and had
 “ strength of mind sufficient to clear his
 “ lordship, as I knew the whole of the
 “ transaction, and was perfectly convinced
 “ that my lord did himself a great vio-
 “ lence in pleading his cause, and had con-
 “ ducted himself throughout the affair with
 “ the greatest honour, at the same time as-
 “ suring him that I well knew you refused
 “ him on the noblest principles ; the con-
 “ viction that your heart was not enough
 “ sensible of his merit.”

At this part of the relation, and indeed
 ever since the name of Sir James had been
 mentioned,

mentioned, poor Caroline's feelings can be easier guessed than described—Arpasia saw her confusion, and wished to interrupt Charlotte, that she might console her friend, whose agitation began to alarm her—but she proceeded without taking notice of them—" The affection that Sir James had
" ever borne my lord, seemed to be re-
" newed at this intelligence, which he had
" no cause to doubt—He expressed his
" happiness on the occasion, but said al-
" though his esteem for you had re-
" mained in its full force, yet he had con-
" quered the more tender part of his senti-
" ment. He well knew there could be no
" felicity in the marriage state, without a
" reciprocal union of hearts, and he should
" with you have been wretched, unless
" he had obtained your whole affections.
" He further told me, that he believed he
" should not much longer continue an
" alien to his country ; he had lately re-
" ceived a proof, that a lovely girl whom
" he had once been very much attached

" to

“ to—and who only could be surpassed by
“ Arpasia, had done him the honour of
“ distinguishing him in a very flattering
“ manner. If he found he was really
“ dear to her, he should devote his whole
“ life to make her happy.”

THE suggestions this gave rise to in the bosom of Arpasia and her friend, were not likely to calm the perturbation of either—Charlotte went on.

“ OUR disagreements continued — Sir
“ James kindly offered to mediate between us — He offered too, to endeavour to reconcile me to my family—but
“ that I rejected with firmness—We left
“ Paris—In short, we could no longer live
“ there—I fell ill, at a small village near
“ Blois—I knew not the nature of my disorder, but learned from my physician,
“ that I owed it to some bad connection
“ which the colonel had formed—In this
“ wretched place, I was delivered of a
“ dead child, and in these wretched circumstances the base monster left me—I
“ must

“ must have perished but for the charity
“ of some of the Sisters of Mercy—When
“ I was a little restored, I fell into com-
“ pany with an officer, in the Irish Brigade
“ —I had then no resource from a life of
“ infamy, and I am sorry to say, little in-
“ clination likewise; we lived together
“ sometime; but my health had been so
“ injured, that I never regained it—This
“ young man was broke for ill behaviour,
“ and we embarked together for Ireland,
“ where he hoped to get some employment
“ —But his relations being rigorous in
“ their principles, would do nothing for
“ him while he continued his connection
“ with me—It was an easy sacrifice, for he
“ was tired of his companion. Poverty,
“ disgrace and every evil of life seemed
“ now to overtake me, and a severe illness
“ again attacked me.

“ HUMANITY conducted me to an hos-
“ pital, where parsimony discharged me,
“ while almost too weak to crawl—The
“ visitation of sickness had been service-
“ able

“ able to me, inasmuch as it awakened in
 “ my soul a sense of my wickedness—I de-
 “ plored my crimes with the bitterest tears,
 “ and hoped to expiate them by patiently
 “ submitting to my grievous sufferings,
 “ without murmuring—By charitable do-
 “ nations, I procured a passage in the
 “ steerage of a packet-boat, among the
 “ lowest crew of Irish—I determined to
 “ beg my way to my father ; I hoped his
 “ heart would melt at my distress, and
 “ allow me a decent place to die in. I was
 “ on my way when you with the goodness
 “ of an angel succoured me—Oh ! that I
 “ had never left your sheltering wing !—
 “ That I had followed your precepts, then
 “ had I been virtuous and happy—but I
 “ was doomed to wickedness and distress,
 “ that your character might receive the
 “ highest excellence that mortal can at-
 “ tain, of forgiveness of injuries, and sup-
 “ porting those who have cruelly and dis-
 “ pitefully used us.”

HER strength was nearly exhausted from the fatigue of her relation—and the doctor pronounced her end very near.—Arpasia said the most consoling and comforting things to her, and in aid of her pious intentions sent for a divine, to pour into the almost despairing bosom of the wretched penitent, the balm of hope—That night she had a convulsive fit, which was a sure prognostic of her speedy dissolution—A messenger arrived the next morning with a letter from Lady Anne—It spoke peace to the departing spirit of Charlotte—It assured her that she was forgiven, and that in a day's time, she with her husband, if the sight was not too painful, would be at her bedside—She lifted up her dying eyes, and blessed them, calling for double blessings on Arpasia, who had been the means of so much comfort to her in her last moments—She said, she was well assured she should not live over the day, and she feared if they should come, the agitation would hurt her

her too much—as she was assured of their forgiveness, she should die in peace.

SHE strongly recommended her child to the care of Arpasia, intreating her to be a mother to it, and repeatedly said—“ Oh !
 “ be its mother intirely—let me die in the
 “ hope, you will be, for many, many years
 “ the happiest of women, and that you
 “ will make the worthiest of men, the hap-
 “ piest likewise—none but you can do
 “ so.”

As she predicted, so it happened ; towards the close of the day, she grew visibly altered—Her countenance changed, her speech faltered, and the convulsive spasms became more frequent—She was sensible to the last, and in words scarcely articulate, begged to die, where it had been happy she had ever lived, in the arms of virtue and heavenly goodness—Arpasia supported herself through this awful scene, with the utmost heroism, suppressing her feelings to comfort and sustain her dying friend—

whose last looks were bent on her, whose last breath expired in a blessing for her!!

WHEN the awful scene was closed for ever, Arpasia gave her directions for the funeral, and took a melancholy departure to the castle, writing at the first stage, and dispatching expresses, to prevent the friends of the departed penitent from prosecuting their now fruitless journey.

CAROLINE was almost a silent spectator of this business—Her mind was torn with a thousand doubts, which Arpasia perceived, and by a free communication of all that had passed relative to Sir James and herself, relieved the anxiety of her friend as much as she was able—and a letter which they found lying for them at the castle, did all the rest—It was from her cousin Brandon, who had taken a trip to Paris, to see his old friend Hawley—by inadvertently dropping a letter he had received from one of his sisters, and which Sir James found, and seeing his name in it, he could not resist reading it; he discovered

vered the partiality of Caroline, which in confidence Miss Brandon told her brother, was the cause of her refusing a very advantageous match—He was conscious that his behaviour had been equivocal—Her image returned to his idea in all its native beauty—and he determined to make an offer of his heart and hand to the lovely girl, whose tender affection he was so well convinced he possessed.

CAROLINE'S delicacy suffered much under the idea of her attachment, being thus obvious to her cousin, and through his means being discovered to the object of it—She thought too, there was an impropriety in Sir James having read the letter, dropped by accident—Her mind was too much agitated to admit the flatterer, hope, in her heart—"Oh!" she cried, "I can never be happy, if I have the least reason to believe a motive of compassion has actuated my cousin to appeal to the feelings and sense of honour in Sir James Hawley."

ARPASIA took the utmost pains to reconcile her friend to the prospect of happiness which opened to her view, and urged her not to cast it away or overcloud it with suspicions injurious to so amiable a man.—She had ever possessed an esteem for Sir James, and felt doubly happy in herself, that an union most probably would take place between persons so deserving of her friendship, which had the proper foundation for a lasting affection—However, she determined her Caroline should not be a destitute bride—and hastened a settlement she had from the intimate knowledge of her worth ever designed her—Her possessions were large—The landed estate was five thousand per annum clear, besides what she had already disposed of in favour of the Hanburys, there was upwards of forty thousand pounds in the funds—and although her establishment was equal to her fortune, yet as prudence and œconomy were strictly attended to, there was no waste—no unnecessary profusion by which her circumstances

circumstances could be involved or deranged—No extravagance either in dress or equipage—She kept up the number of servants her grandfather had done, and the same hospitality—but the first were well regulated, and the latter was within proper bounds—like a flowing stream, equal and though diffusive, never rising above a certain degree.

A DEED of settlement was in the sweetest and most affectionate manner, presented to her dear Caroline, of ten thousand pounds—It is in vain to attempt a description of the emotions her generosity excited in the bosom of her grateful friend—Her pleasure could only be equalled by that of Arpasia's. A generous action performed with the grace which accompanied all hers, never depresses the heart, which too often sinks with the inferiority it feels while it is obliged—Every one who received a benefit from Arpasia, found theirs expand, and themselves raised even in their own idea—They could not help thinking they had

I 4 contributed

contributed to her happiness, and the lustre of her animated countenance confirmed them in their opinion—Why should corroding care ever assail such a bosom?—Why, when her benevolent heart seemed but to beat for the advantage of others—why should it heave the deep sigh, and feel so severely its own wretchedness?—Its own incapacity of enjoying happiness?—Yet it was so, internally a prey to the most anxious painful inquietudes—She sought, and only found relief in making others happy—herself far, oh! how far removed from the prospect of it!

THE sad fate of Lady Derville, dwelt on her mind, and how much distress she herself had encountered in consequence of Charlotte's ill conduct, made a most sensible impression on her—She revolved in her idea, through many a sleepless night the various circumstances and events that had led to a friendship destructive to her repose—She wept over the destiny of the wretched Charlotte, who had been from
early

early childhood dear to her memory, and who, had her mind been stored with prudence, might have lived an honour, instead of being a disgrace to all her family—She rejoiced however that it had been her good fortune to administer comforts to the dying penitent, and soften as much as possible the calamities brought on her by ungovernable folly and licentious example—Her thoughts frequently reverted to the conduct of Derville; had he not by a strange depravity of proceeding intirely obliterated the esteem she once cherished for him, what an opening had the death of Charlotte presented to their view of ending their days together! She could not but lament, that his hand had for ever fixed a barrier to their meeting on any terms—She never could forget, she neither could or ever ought to pardon the cruel insult he had offered her honour, by his base proposals—How was it possible that a man so very amiable as he always appeared, and so much under the guidance of reason, as on a very trying occasion to

propose self-banishment ; how could he so far forget himself and what he owed her situation, as to write such a letter ?—How is it that the heart of man can be so strangely inconsistent ! why will they rob us of the dear delight of glorying in our attachment to them ! why will they fill our hearts with sorrow, and deprive us of the consolation amidst all our disappointments of being able to whisper to ourselves—
“ Though I am forever separated by adverse fortune from the object of my tender regard, still he is worthy of it—still
“ my heart may indulge its propensity—
“ for in loving him, I prove myself capable of esteeming all the virtues which
“ centre in him !”

CHAP.

C H A P. LXII.

A Renewal of Acquaintance.

A DIFFICULTY arose in the mind of Caroline, about the propriety of receiving the addresses of Sir James Hawley at Hanbury Castle. Perhaps too she might feel a sentiment she blushed to encourage, and yet knew not how to divest herself of. A little apprehension that the charms of a woman who had once ensnared his heart, and who now shone in the full blaze of splendour, would again prove too powerful to be resisted. Arpasia soothed her fears, though she herself rather advised the affair might be negociated either at Brandon Lodge, or the Parsonage. Caroline knew not how to quit her beloved friend, to whom herself and family owed so much. The conflict distressed her gentle heart.

She doubted her own influence over the affections of Sir James. She could hardly be brought to give credit to the assertion that any man whose bosom had burnt for Arpasia, could ever forget her, and admit another passion for one so much inferior; and she almost thought, tho' she loved him for his partiality, she esteemed him less for being capable of change, notwithstanding it was so much in her own particular favour.

A LETTER was forwarded to her by way of Brandon Lodge, from Sir James, who knew not of her present residence. He was explicitness itself. He recapitulated the impression her person and sweetness of manners had made on his heart on their first acquaintance; but at that time frankly owned he had little inclination for the married state, though honouring it much, and meaning one time or other to become a member of it. That, on his return to town, at his friend Lord Derville's he became acquainted with a most angelic creature, whose story had interested his feelings,

feelings, and whose beauty and amiable virtues inspired him with the utmost esteem and veneration. He thought he should be the happiest of men to impress her with the same ideas of him. He saw her surrounded with admirers, who she had from the noblest motives rejected. Some circumstances induced him to hope, he should not be on that list; and in that hope he had offered himself to her acceptance. His hope, however, fell to the ground, and the disappointment struck to his heart. The poignancy was heightened by his being instigated to believe he had been treacherously dealt with by his old friend, whom he had ever loved with the utmost regard. His frequent ruminations on a hopeless passion, and the conduct in the lady which had cherished his hopes (though he justified her by saying, it was his own construction on her general politeness and sweetness of disposition that had drawn him into this belief) naturally made him turn his thoughts to Brandon Lodge.

He

He began to doubt whether his mode of behaviour might not have encouraged, in so inexperienced and gentle a heart, an idea that all that had passed was not the mere effect of unmeaning gallantry. He condemned himself for perhaps having disturbed the repose of an innocent and lovely girl, and placed in her bosom stings which he too keenly felt in his own. He drew a comparison on the sufferings of two persons of different sexes from the same cause. He, as a man, could fly to a variety of objects and places to divert, if not eradicate his passion; while a tender female in the same predicament smothers her sighs, and consumes inwardly without complaining, or daring to whisper even to the bosom of confidential friendship the woes with which her heart is bursting. "Oh!" cried he, "if I have caused such misery
" to any earthly being, what a monster I
" am!—But if I have drawn the picture
" of the amiable Caroline Brandon, how
" should I detest myself—and how anxious
" should

“ should I be to repair the ravages which
“ my foolish reprehensible conduct may
“ have made in her excellent heart !”
Such, he said, were his reflections when
Brandon met him at Paris.

He felt a pleasure in talking over the
transactions of the Lodge during the Easter
recess, and earnestly enquired after the
lovely Caroline, who he grieved to hear
had fallen into ill health, and who in that
state was forced to attend her sick mother.
Sometime after, Brandon had a letter from
his sister. He read part of it to Sir James,
mentioning the dejection of Caroline’s spi-
rits, and her refusal of a marriage with a
young man of good fortune, declaring her
fixed resolution of never entering into that
state, which Miss Brandon interpreted into a
too partial attachment to some one, more
than any aversion to the married life. It was
evident to Sir James, that the name of the
suspected person occurred in the letter, tho’
Mr. Brandon refused to repeat it. Near a
week after he passed into his friend’s dressing-
room,

room, whom he found in the act of answering this very letter. Without meaning to look over his papers, he inadvertently saw his own name. Curiosity too powerful to be resisted, and he hoped he might be allowed to say a better motive, urged him to lay his hand on the wished-for letter—and tell Brandon, between jest and earnest, he must indulge him with the perusal of it. Brandon told him, he relied too much on his honour to have any unnecessary scruples about shewing it to him. At the same time saying he would be the guardian of the dear girl's honour, who he wished loved *him* as much as she perhaps unfortunately did a man, whose sentiments were otherwise disposed of.

SIR JAMES confessed he never felt more delight than when he found himself the object of the tender regard of the woman in the world who was most likely to make him happy, but that he almost doubted himself whether his cure was perfected. He had determined to examine his heart thoroughly,

thoroughly, and to be convinced that it was truly devoted to her before he would allow himself to offer his hand. He begged her to believe it was entirely attached to her alone, and that her acceptance was necessary to form his felicity, which he ardently hoped would be the surest means of constituting hers.

THESE assurances were likely to remove all her scruples, and now she gave way to the pleasing hope that her union with the man of her choice would not be a barrier against her continued intimacy with the friend of her heart. She was preparing to send an answer to this long letter, when her attention was called from the subject by the sound of a carriage, which drove up to the door—and in which she saw, though she could hardly believe the information of her eyes, the very identical person whose image had never left her heart, together with her cousin Louisa Brandon. Arpasia was just crossing the hall to go into the library where Caroline was

was seated, with her face pale as ashes, and her whole frame shaking like one under the paroxysm of an ague. The strangers were announced before Arpasia could inspire her friend with the smallest particle of courage.

"WILL the amiable Miss Hanbury," said Sir James, "admit me as a visitor?"

"THE most welcome one," she cried, extending her hand to him, "that could honour my dwelling. I am happy that I now can tell you how much I esteem you, and that I can at the same time help to reward your merit. My sweet friend is a little overcome. Will you suffer me to treat you like an old acquaintance, and leave you without ceremony, while I do the honours of the house to this lady."

SAYING which, she took the hand of Miss Brandon; and, with a charming smile, begged to lead her to a room where they should meet with some refreshment.

LOUISA

LOUISA informed Arpasia, that as soon as Sir James heard of the intimate friendship that subsisted between her and Caroline, he was impatient to come to the Castle, that he might convince his lovely girl of the confidence he had in himself. And indeed he felt no outward perturbation on the rencontre, he had quite conquered the painful part of his predilection, and the sentiments he now felt for Arpasia were such as Caroline could not have esteemed in him had he sought to destroy them.

IN a little time he led Caroline, at her own desire, to the room where the ladies were. Never had she appeared half so pleasing in his eyes. Love begets love. He experienced the delight of being most truly beloved, and his heart was formed to be grateful for the blessing. He passed two days with them, the family at the Parsonage joining the party at the Castle. Then in order to expedite matters he set off for London, first remonstrating a little with

with Arpasia on her needless bounty to Caroline, which he wished her to resume. That was however impossible for him to obtain. He was as urgent in refusing to receive any thing but the hand and heart of the woman of his free choice. At last they compromised the matter. "It is her own," said Arpasia—"If you will not receive it she has sisters who may not meet the same good fortune she has done." The hint was enough—her two sisters were presented with five thousand pounds each, from their generous brother-in-law expectant.

WHAT a happy family were the Brandons! lifted from poverty to plenty, and with hearts that equally supported them with dignity and propriety in each station they had experienced—Arpasia felt infinitely happy too; the preparations for the wedding which was to be celebrated at the castle, employed all their time, and calling for all her attention, left her little room for reflection.

THE

THE castle was now quite alive—Arpasia invited the families from Brandon Lodge and the parsonage, to be present at the nuptials of her friend, which were to be celebrated in a short time—Sir James Hawley made one of the party, previous to the ceremony, as often as he could, having several things to adjust, as they purposed going to Hawley Place soon after their marriage, and as he had resided but little at that house, it required some preparation for its future mistress.

As the various business would take some time to be arranged, it was at length agreed the marriage should take place, and the bride folk continue guests at the castle, till after the 24th of October, which day completed the 21st year of Arpasia's life.

THE tenantry had long looked for an æra of such festivity, and Arpasia ever indulgent to the wishes of every one, was resolved to shew by her compliance, her intimate satisfaction of their conduct in the sphere of life they had been cast in.

THE

THE latter end of August, she had the happiness of beholding the union of her two friends—The ceremony was performed by the delighted father, and the harmony and peace which shone forth in the features of every one, was the surest prognostic of the marriage being productive of the truest felicity to all.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIII.

The Friendly Attempt.

THE festivity at the castle in consequence of the wedding, lasted a week—Balls, concerts, and a variety of amusements filled up the space, till the Brandon family returned to the Lodge—But happiness still continued an inmate of the Castle, though quiet succeeded to the tuneful lyre and sprightly dance.

ONE morning Sir James Hawley, after dwelling on the prospect of lasting felicity which his marriage had afforded him—told Arpasia, he felt his heart expanded so much by experiencing happiness, that he wished to see all mankind happy, and his own bliss could feel no alloy, but that of seeing one whom he loved and honoured to the highest degree, sinking under an inward

ward disquiet—" Will you, my amiable
" friend," he continued " allow me to
" have some serious conversation with you?
" —I have often been urged to request it;
" but in the midst of the agreeable racket,
" which my union with this dear girl has
" occasioned, no opportunity has offered;
" will you now permit me to enter on a
" subject very near my heart?"

" I THINK I can have no objection to
" hear you on any subject, Sir James—
" There is but one," said she, sighing—
" that I should be inclined to interdict—
" and I hope you know my mind too suf-
" ficiently, (as I know my dear Caroline
" has had some conversation with you on
" that head,) to remind you how unplea-
" sant a one it will be to me."

" I POSITIVELY will make no bargain,"
said he.

LADY HAWLEY rose, saying, " I will
" leave you to settle your differences, good
" people—You will be able to manage
" matters without me."

" Nor

"NOT so, my dearest Caroline," said Sir James—"you must assist my cause."

"AND who so well can plead?"—replied Caroline.

"No, you must not leave me," cried Arpasia—"I begin to be terrified by the solemnity of Sir James's countenance—
"Yet if it is on the subject my foreboding heart predicts, the conference will be soon over, and now let the commencement take place."

"YOUR allowing me to begin on a subject you already pronounce against, I shall interpret in my favour, I assure you
"—There was once a time, my dear Miss Hanbury, when an unfortunate friend of mine, at my earnest request, undertook to plead my cause with you
"—The ill-success of it I foolishly then attributed to his want of zeal—Indeed I should not have taken up such an idea, had it not been artfully infused into my mind by a man, I am sorry to name,

“ as he bears the nearest relationship to
“ my excellent friend.

“ WHEN from the free communication
“ of Lady Derville in Paris, a matter was
“ cleared up that had threatened an eter-
“ nal disunion between her Lord and me,
“ I wrote immediately to him, to apolo-
“ gize for the unfriendly suspicions I had
“ too long entertained of his treachery.—
“ His answer was such, as endeared him
“ still more to my affections and reason—
“ When I had the honour of paying my
“ respects to you here, I took the first op-
“ portunity of going to London, to em-
“ brace my dear Derville, and enjoy the
“ felicity of an intercourse I had been some
“ months deprived of—But oh ! how was
“ my heart affected with the change I per-
“ ceived in him !—His elegant, beautiful
“ person—You, my dear Caroline recol-
“ lect him at the Lodge—his animated
“ features all sunk and lost—a deep de-
“ jection rooted in his countenance, and
“ as he said every idea of comfort and
“ hope

“ hope forever fled from him—I intreated
 “ him to unbosom himself to me, to pour
 “ into my faithful heart all his sorrows—
 “ Alas! what a melancholy catalogue!—
 “ But the cord that wound round his heart
 “ straining it to torture, I found was
 “ the rigour with which the most amiable,
 “ the most gentle of her sex, in all other
 “ instances inflicted on him.”

ARPASIA rose, much agitated, she walked
 about the room—“ Excuse me, Sir James,
 “ I cannot hear you on this ungrateful
 “ theme.”

“ NEVER, my dear madam,” cried he,
 taking her hand, “ never will I, from this
 “ day renew it, if you will but allow me
 “ now to proceed”—She sat down, but so
 much discomposed, that she was forced to
 take out her bottle of salts, to keep her
 from fainting.

“ I URGED him,” continued Sir James,
 “ to relate to me the circumstance by which
 “ he had incurred your displeasure to such
 “ a degree, as to reduce you to the utmost

“ danger and hazard to avoid the sight of
“ him — He swore by the most sacred
“ powers, that as nothing could equal the
“ fervency of his affection for you, but its
“ purity, so it was impossible his heart
“ could suggest any idea injurious to you
“ — He owned, that in a moment of de-
“ spair, he had disclosed his unhappy pas-
“ sion, but with the generosity of an angel
“ you had pardoned his involuntary
“ crime.”

“ I DID so” said Arpasia, “ and dearly
“ since has he made me repent my too
“ ready condescension — The offence was
“ involuntary, and for that reason, when
“ he prudently resolved to avoid the evil,
“ by flying far from me, I freely ac-
“ knowledged I forgave him — I will as
“ freely acknowledge to you, that the
“ whole scheme of happiness I wished to
“ enjoy was believing him worthy of my
“ esteem — I revered his character — And
“ why should I disown it” — she added, the
tears falling from her lovely eyes — “ I
“ erected

“erected a throne for his virtues in my
 “bosom—and vowed it never should be
 “displaced.”

“Good God!” exclaimed Sir James,
 “and what sacrilegious hand could dare
 “destroy it! who could have power to
 “divest you of such a partiality?”

“Nor the whole universe combined,
 “could have done it,” she replied, with
 energy—“No one could have had the
 “power—but himself—Oh! Sir James!
 “you ought to have spared me this dis-
 “tress,” she continued, bursting into a
 fresh flood of tears—“Fool that I am!
 “why cannot I support myself with some
 “degree of firmness? Why does not the
 “resolution which is forever fixed in my
 “heart, animate my frame, and repress
 “these tears?”

“INDEED this is too much for her,” said
 Caroline, “my beloved Arpasia, you shall
 “not be thus urged,” continued she,
 throwing her arms round her neck and
 shedding the sympathizing tear.

SIR JAMES too was extremely moved—
“ My confidence,” said he, “ in my dearest
“ Derville is so deeply rooted, that I can
“ hardly be brought to credit the possi-
“ bility of his being guilty of a premedi-
“ tated offence against any one—Is it im-
“ possible, my dear Miss Hanbury, but
“ that your delicate apprehension may not
“ have taken something amiss that yet
“ might bear some extenuation ?”

“ You plead well, Sir James,” returned
Arpasia, a little recovered—“ and wish to
“ prove an error—Once he had an advo-
“ cate in my bosom, I blush to own it,
“ that sought to vindicate him—That
“ time is past. There is now scarce any
“ man in the world so indifferent to me, as
“ he is—I wish not to think of him ; let
“ him from this time never be a subject for
“ our discussion.”

SHE then broke up the conference, and
retired with more composure in her coun-
tenance than in her heart, to her own closet
—The conversation had awakened all the
streams

streams of torture in her soul. As she said, *she wished not to think of him*, and grateful was she to any incident that kept her mind fully employed. Even this conversation lowered him still more in her estimation; it shewed a depravity of heart, that the baseness of his proposal had not shocked him; and that to his bosom friend he should not think it of sufficient importance to relate as the most likely means of having offended her—There was a seeming duplicity in his conduct, as placed him in a very unfavourable point of view, and the circumstance itself was too humiliating for her to be more explicit on to a man. There appeared so much indelicacy on the face of it, that she had never even to Caroline exposed the letter, so fatal to her peace—She only informed her, that Lord Derville had sought to debate her in her own eyes, and vainly hoped to establish his success with her, by proving she was no longer an object of his esteem, though she might be of an illicit passion.

SIR JAMES had then no clue to guide him by but this last hint which Lady Hawley furnished him with—He was extremely zealous in the cause of his friend, and wished at the same time to restore ease to the heart of Arpasia, which he plainly saw, under all her efforts to conceal it, was torn asunder with corroding anguish—He hoped too she might be more explicit to Lady Anne, of whose great and delicate notions of propriety she was so well acquainted; without then saying any thing to his wife of the particular business which called him to town, he pleaded absolute necessity of being absent two or three days, and away he posted to her ladyship, to whom he related every circumstance, and again entreated Lord Derville to re-trace all his former behaviour, if possible, to form a conjecture of the cause of Arpasia's steady adherence to the resolutions of never again seeing him.

ON the most strict scrutiny, they could find nothing that in a mind so well stored
with

with sense as Arpasia's, could have any plea for such severity. Her persevering silence too, perplexed them very much—Lady Anne most readily undertook the task of endeavouring to elucidate the matter—
 “and I promise you my lord,” said she,
 “if I find the dear girl has just cause for
 “her indignation, I will protect her from
 “any further solicitations on this head.”

MR. TRAVERS, who anxiously longed to see his sweet Arpasia, would accompany his sister, and to crown the whole, the dear little Augusta, who was now a year and half old was to be of the party. All things thus arranged, Sir James returned to the castle, still keeping his journey to London a profound secret—The day after his return, he slyly prevailed on Arpasia to take a ride, that the reinforcement from town might have made their *entrée* and secured a lodgement in the castle, while the governess was absent—Matters turned out to his wish—and the first object that struck Arpasia's eyes, when she dismounted from her

horse, was the little Augusta, whose features were too dear to her memory not to be instantly recognized—She tottered and trembled, hardly able to support herself into the hall, where in a moment she was clasped in the arms of Lady Anne—Her spirits were fluttered to such a degree, that she could scarcely be kept from fainting—Mr. Travers would come in for his share—He kissed her pale cheek with the affection of a parent—Arpasia immediately saw the whole plot of Sir James, and feared there was still an ambuscade, which however she would not easily have pardoned.

“ My sweet young friend,” said Lady Anne—“ I could no longer resist the wish
“ to see you—My brother, who you know
“ has long loved you, would indulge me
“ with this jaunt—and I hope the poor
“ little girl who was once so dear to you
“ is no unpleasant addition to our party.”

ARPASIA, while she pressed the beloved Augusta to her bosom, who returned her caresses and had been taught to pronounce
her

her name, very gratefully acknowledged her sense of Lady Anne's kindness, who had come thus far out of pure friendship to see her; for although Arpasia well enough understood that they really meant to besiege her in her fortress, yet from the high opinion she entertained of Lady Anne's notions of female delicacy, she knew she should soon gain her over to her party—and to her she was determined to have no reserves, as the clearing up what appeared an obstinacy in her temper, would effectually establish her Ladyship her friend, and forever preclude any further persecution on that head. The day passed off very well—there was no disagreeable recrimination on either side—They seemed perfectly glad to see each other, and in fact were so to a very great degree.

C H A P. LXIV.

A fresh Instance of the Depravity of Human Nature.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast the next day, Lady Anne took Arpasia under the arm, and requested her to shew her the Park—They chatted on indifferent subjects, till they gained a little recess, when her ladyship proposed resting—She there entered on a conversation, which it was plain to see her heart was deeply interested in, and which Arpasia received with less perturbation than she could almost have hoped, but it proceeded from her determination of putting an effectual stop to the resuming it from any quarter, by shewing the cause that had induced her to act as she had done.

LADY

LADY ANNE with great address began the conversation, by lamenting the many distressing occurrences that had interrupted an intercourse which had afforded her so much delight; and said, she doubted not but there had been sufficient reason on the side of a woman whose actions had ever been guided by that principle—And in short, by seemingly justifying the rigour of Arpasia, artfully enough impressed her with the idea that she knew something more of the matter than she really explained—Arpasia had pre-determined to be explicit with her venerable friend; she freely owned the regard she had once entertained for his lordship—The friendship she gloried in feeling for him, and which the amiable qualities she fancied he possessed seemed justly to authorize—But it was plain how ignorant she was of the nature of man, and how falacious her idea of his worth had been “ —I was charmed with the idea” she cried “ that he respected me—that I had “ inspired him with esteem, and that tho’ “ even

“ even a less serene passion unhappily possessed his bosom, it was yet under the guidance of reason and rectitude—Oh! how my heart was broken with anguish, even to the impairing my reason, and driving me headlong to the very verge of destruction, when I was too fatally convinced his mind was actuated by the basest principles—When he could dare to insult the situation he ought to have respected, and sink me so low in my own eyes, as to solicit my consent—Oh! my dear Lady Anne” she continued, hiding her face on her bosom, and watering it with her tears— “ can I relate to you the cruel conduct of your darling nephew?”

“ NEPHEW!” repeated Lady Anne—
“ no, I abjure the relationship!—He has deceived me—He vowed he never made a single effort to see you since you parted at Brighton—How has he dared to urge me to insult you with solicitations for forgiveness and acceptance?”

“ Oh!

“ OH! I saw him not—I know not that
 “ he attempted to see me — For I left
 “ Hornchurch in consequence of the im-
 “ pious letter. Judge, my dear madam,
 “ what a heart, like mine, must feel on
 “ perusing such an atrocious insult to
 “ virtue and honour.”

WITH a trembling hand, she opened her pocket-book, from whence she drew the fatal scroll that had embittered so many of her days, and threatened to cloud all the succeeding ones—She put it into the hands of Lady Anne, while to recover herself a little, she walked out of the temple into the air.

LADY ANNE hastily unfolded the guilty paper—Her eyes skimmed over the lines; she saw the name of Derville at the bottom—She felt struck with horror—She called Arpasia!—Arpasia, with her eyes all red with weeping, and a face with all its colour and spirit fled, slowly returned at the sound of her name—“ My dearest child,” cried Lady Anne, bursting into tears, and throwing
 ing

ing her arms round her waist, “ this infamous scroll is no more Derville’s writing than it is yours.”

“ IMPOSSIBLE !” exclaimed Arpasia—
“ Where is the wretch who could be equal to such a vile forgery ?”

“ I too well know,” replied she—“ Oh ! my God,” she continued, sinking on her knees “ I thank you with my whole heart for sparing it this heavy affliction—tho’ it fixes the basest infamy on one, who stands in so sacred a character as father to the injured Derville !”

“ OH ! clear him but from this offence,” cried Arpasia, clasping her hands together
“ —Prove that he is innocent—that he is still worthy of my esteem—deprive me of every other comfort of life, but that dear certainty, and I could bless you forever !”

“ I AM certain I can do so,” cried Lady Anne—“ I have several letters from him in my pocket—Tell me, my dear, did you ever see his writing ?”

“ NEVER !”

“ NEVER !” answered she, “ unless that
“ detestable letter is his writing.”

“ No, I will pawn my soul’s eternal hap-
“ piness it is not—we will compare it with
“ a note which my brother received the
“ other day, from that vilest of all men,
“ Lord Carberry—I could swear to his
“ hand at any time.”—The conflict of sen-
sations in the bosom of Arpasia became al-
most too powerful ; but her tears relieved
her—She could hardly credit her senses ;
the assertion of Lady Anne seemed even
too marvellous to be believed—She felt so
delighted at the idea that there was a pos-
sibility of clearing Lord Derville from
this heavy accusation, and yet she dared
hardly give way to her hopes.

LADY ANNE hurried her into the house,
when the truth of the matter was too in-
contestibly cleared to suffer a doubt to
hang on the mind of Arpasia, except that
she had had a letter sometime before from
Lord Carberry. Amongst her papers she
found it ; and, though the writing was a
little

little disguised, it was plain enough to see the same hand had described the characters. There was however sufficient evidence to prove the letter was not written by Lord Derville, and Mr. Travers was half wild with joy. Hope sat trembling in the eyes of Arpasia, while Lady Anne exulted in the certainty that her beloved nephew was cleared from so foul an imputation, though they scrupled not to agree in giving Arpasia full credit for the propriety of her resentment, when under the idea of his lordship being capable of acting so unworthily by her. They felicitated themselves on this material discovery in which they all took so great a share, particularly Sir James—
“ Was not my scheme a good one,” said he,
“ of bringing this reinforcement down to
“ the Castle ? But for that we should still
“ have remained quite in the dark—and
“ the hour of happiness, which I hope is
“ not far off, might without the aid of
“ Lady Anne have never arrived.”

“ WHERE

“WHERE is my brother?” cried her ladyship. In a minute the old gentleman came into the room—“Pray let me have that delightful letter,” said he, “and favour me likewise with that signed by Lord Carberry in *propria persona*.” While he was speaking a chaise came to the door. “God bless you, my sweet girl!” said he, taking Arpasia’s hand,—“With me a good journey.”

“WHERE are you going, my dear sir?”

“To London, to London, my love. Do you think I would add one moment to the many cheerless hours my poor nephew has suffered. Tell me I may bring him down with me. Ah! that heavenly smile and blush say every thing I can wish. Adieu! my dear friends, I am off.”

AND away the good-natured soul scampered. He quite ran to the chaise, and was whisked off in a minute.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXV.

The Pleasures of Benevolence.

THE horses could hardly keep pace with the wishes of the excellent Travers, who at the same time that he was flying to extract the arrow of affliction from the wounded bosom of his nephew, was determined to indulge the little sub-acid humour that now and then floated on the surface of his heart, in order if possible to sting the vile Lord Carberry, and make him feel a part of the anguish he had occasioned his innocent son and the amiable Arpasia.

SLEEP would have been a stranger to his eyes had he laid himself on his pillow ; therefore he rested not, but to change horses, till he arrived in Portman-square. He found Lord Derville very much indisposed, from the apprehension that the interpo-

terposition of his friends would only render Arpasia more rigorous in her rejection of every overture towards an accommodation.

WHEN Mr. Travers entered his dressing-room, Lord Derville seemed almost overcome by the suddenness of his appearance. He could scarcely articulate as many words as would constitute an enquiry; but, observing the disorder that reigned in the dress and figure of his uncle, he pressed his hand, and expressed his fears that his health was affected—"No, no," said he, "I am well enough, but it has been a sad wild-goose chase you sent us on."

"I SENT you," answered Lord Derville, mournfully, "no—I but too much feared it would be in vain."

"AND well you might. What success could you expect from a trio, composed of an old man, an old woman, and a brat that cannot speak—when such a letter as this failed of gaining Arpasia? Pray read it, and tell me how you could ever write such?"

"I WRITE

“ I WRITE it ?—To Miss Hanbury ?
“ I never wrote to her in my life. Situated
“ as we both were, I never could have had
“ pretensions to write to her,” and unfolding the letter—“ This is not my
“ writing. My dear uncle, you know this
“ is not my hand.”

“ WELL, well, see if they are your sentiments then--that will do as well for us.”

NEVER could astonishment equal Lord Derville's, nor indeed could any thing equal it, but his horror on the conviction that his father alone, from the base motive of separating them for ever, could have fabricated so vile a forgery.

“ OH ! my God !” cried he, throwing himself on a sofa, “ and could Miss
“ Hanbury ever believe me so detestable
“ a wretch ?”

“ WHAT was to convince her of the
“ contrary ?” said Mr. Travers,—“ What
“ farther proof could she need than a
“ letter signed by your name ?”

AND

“ AND does she still deem so vilely of
 “ me ? Oh ! how different from the pu-
 “ rity of my love for her, does this cursed
 “ letter shew me. Where is the infamous
 “ wretch who has dared to set my name to
 “ sentiments and expressions I could have
 “ died before I had uttered ?”

“ HE is well known,” answered Tra-
 vers, with a significant nod—“ Have you
 “ never seen the hand before ? Are not
 “ these T’s, these F’s, and H’s very like a
 “ certain old peer who you are obliged to
 “ call father ?”

“ FORBID it, Heaven ! He could not
 “ surely be so very—very cruel ?”

“ NAY, it is in the family I’ll swear—
 “ so, if you will not own it yourself, you
 “ must lay it to him. For my part, I am
 “ sorry to say I see the cloven foot too
 “ plainly. I know the print of it well ;
 “ and I am sorry too to say, that I be-
 “ lieve him capable of even worse things
 “ than this.”

“ WORSE !

“ WORSE ! Oh good God ! what can
“ be worse ? But tell me, my dearest
“ uncle, is my adored Arpasia convinced
“ that I am not so infamous a villain ? ”

IN few words he related the whole
matter to him.—“ And now,” cried he,
“ do give me some wine and water, for I
“ have not *drawn bit*, as the sportsmen say,
“ since I parted from the dear girl herself,
“ who I believe was well enough disposed
“ to think you incapable of being such a
“ rascal. I am all impatience to visit my
“ sweet brother-in-law, and acknowledge
“ your obligations to him.”

“ Ask me not to accompany you,”
said Lord Derville, “ I fear I could not
“ keep in mind that he is my father. I
“ shall not for a long time be able to see
“ him, without venting such reproaches
“ as would be unbecoming my situation.”

“ BUT I shall ask you to accompany me
“ to-morrow to Hanbury Castle. Can
“ you get your matters ready for that expe-
“ dition, think you ? ”

“ If

“ IF I was as well prepared for Heaven
“ I should be a saint. But, my dear sir,
“ is it in your credentials to make me
“ thus happy? May I at the feet of my
“ ever lovely Arpasia be allowed to
“ breathe the honest dictates of my heart?”

“ LET her see to that—she must direct
“ you when you come there. You need
“ not con your lesson. I want to be gone.
“ I shall not make my visit long to the
“ amorous peer, though I dare say much
“ longer than he would wish. Order me a
“ bed. I will take a slight repast when I
“ return; and whatever hour you chuse
“ in the morning I will be ready to attend
“ you to the only girl in the world that
“ can make you happy, and I can see,
“ with half an eye, that you alone can
“ make her so.”

HE trotted away on foot to Lord Carberry's, who he discovered with his leg wrapped up in flannel, and as ill-natured as disappointed hopes, and a tormenting mistress (for the Goldfinch was arguing some points with him) could render him.

“ YOUR servant, your servant, my lord.
“ Ah ! this is the comfort of old age—
“ but we must submit to it. I am just
“ come from Hanbury Castle. A sweet
“ place truly ! and the divine lady of it a
“ sweet creature. Sorry she was so blind
“ to her own interest though, as not to
“ accept the brilliant offer contained in
“ this letter,” handing him over the letter
he had written —“ But she was a perverse
“ baggage, and here is another letter too,
“ signed Derville. Perhaps your lordship
“ would like to refresh your memory with
“ it. Not that it is unknown to you.
“ Notwithstanding your son little knew to
“ whom his obligations were owing.—
“ Here, my lord, take your letter, and
“ when next you pen so infamous a scroll,
“ be kind enough to add the name of the
“ vilest of men, and not prostitute the
“ honoured one of Derville to your own
“ scandalous compositions. Had the lovely
“ abused Arpasia Hanbury known your
“ character as well as, from my unhappy
“ sister’s

“ sister’s connection with you, I have been
“ enabled to do, she would not one moment
“ have been to seek for the author. Be sa-
“ tisfied that you are now thoroughly known
“ and as thoroughly despised. Content your-
“ self with such conquests and happiness as
“ these wretches can afford you. As your
“ life will not, I fear, entitle you to the
“ communion of angels hereafter, so you
“ must despair of associating with their
“ counterparts on earth. Farewell. I hope
“ never to see you again. My soul disclaims
“ all tie with so vile, so abandon’d a relation.

A MAN so enveloped in error was not likely to have any feelings of compunction. He cursed the inefficacy of his plans, and his execrations were re-echoed by the Goldfinch on his own head. She swore she would leave him for ever ; and though, but an hour ago he was wishing he had never seen her, yet he was so entangled by her, that he made fifty mean concessions to obtain her forgiveness ; which however was not effected till he had sacrificed largely at her altar, by presenting her with 200*l.* to purchase diamonds. L 2 CHAP.

C H A P. LXVI.

Peace Restored.

LORD DERVILLE had patience to count the hours till five in the morning, and then tapped gently at the chamber door of his uncle, who, in the pleasure of giving happiness, forgot the fatigues of the foregoing day, and in a few minutes was ready to join his nephew in the most pleasant journey he ever took. And yet his mind was far from easy. He felt the utmost inquietude. He feared the suspicions which had been so long harboured in the bosom of Arpasia would leave some bitter relics behind—that they were not yet quite done away. His uncle assured him, unless he was himself perfectly clear of his innocence, he would carry him to the devil rather than lead him to the Castle. “Arpasia,” said he, “thought she had the justest cause “ for suspecting you. She thinks so no “ longer. Truth has prevailed. And the “ has

“ has so much generosity of soul as to
“ be anxious to repair the injury her sul-
“ picious did you.”

“ Oh ! thank God ! she never injured
“ *me* ! I would not have been author of
“ that letter—no, not to have gained the
“ point it aimed it ! I loved her too well.
“ What can have equalled my affliction
“ on finding her so resolutely reject the
“ sight of me ? But she had just cause.
“ Dear, lovely, virtuous girl, how does my
“ heart adore her, for her noble, her pro-
“ per resentment ! Yes, I believe she is
“ happy in finding how much she had
“ mistaken my character.” Such was his
conversation the whole of the journey,
which they finished about six in the even-
ing. Mr. Travers would have his own way,
so he stopped the chaise before they came to
the porter’s lodge, walking up a side
avenue to the Castle, they got there before
their arrival had been announced. Lady
Anne perceived them, but said nothing, as
she saw a sign from her brother, which she
interpreted into a wish not to be discovered

immediately. She went out to them; and said Arpasia, with her constant companion Augusta, was gone into the garden; and she believed to the root-house, where they had been reading in the morning, and where they had left a book. She advised Lord Derville to follow, which he was equally desirous of doing, at the same time too anxiously fearful of alarming his beloved. Lady Anne laughed him into better hopes, and out he sallied according to her direction.

At the entrance of the root-house he stopped, his heart beating so violently that he was hardly able to proceed, nor was its tumultuous palpitations lessened by seeing his adored Arpasia caressing her little Augusta. She was kissing her forehead—
“ Sweet image,” she said, “ of the most
“ amiable of men! Can you teach me
“ what to say to him to make him forget
“ the cruel and injurious suspicions my
“ soul harboured of him, and which I
“ have the bliss to find are false.”

“ OH !

“ OH ! rather let her teach her happy
 “ father,” cried he, “ how to express the
 “ hundredth part of the joy he feels in the
 “ conviction of his adored Arpasia’s good-
 “ ness. Pardon me, my dearest Miss Han-
 “ bury,” he continued, throwing himself
 on his knees before her, seeing her turn
 pale,—“ pardon my too abrupt appear-
 “ ance ; but how could I resist the much
 “ wished-for opportunity of seeing you—
 “ and to hear so sweet a confession from
 “ your heavenly lips. Oh ! how has it
 “ repaid my sufferings.”

“ INDEED,” cried Arpasia, “ your sud-
 “ den appearance has overpowered me.
 “ Yet believe me, my lord, I suffered too
 “ much from the idea of your being un-
 “ worthy my esteem, to wish to retract what
 “ I said, when I little thought you, who
 “ was so much interested in knowing my
 “ sentiments, were so very near me.”

He took her hand, and pressing it to
 his lips, thanked her with a look that
 rendered all language vain. The dear little
 Augusta threw her arms round her father’s

neck, who fondly kissed her ; and she, with the sweetest action, turned to Arpasia, lifting up her rosy mouth, which she joined to the blushing cheek of the lovely maid. Lord Derville in a transport folded them both to his enraptured bosom, calling them all that was dear to him in life. Arpasia till this moment never knew what happiness really meant. To see herself the object of the purest, tenderest passion of the most amiable of men—the man who alone she had ever loved, was a joy almost too exquisite to be supported. Tears of true felicity burst from her eyes, but they were differently construed by Lord Derville—“ Oh ! can my Arpasia still have doubts ?” he asked in a tremulous voice,—“ Oh ! hear me, my lovely angel. Doating on you to distraction. Living but in your sight, I would not by all the hopes of my future welfare—I swear I would not have accepted a favour from you, which should have lessened that veneration I felt for your virtues. Oh ! could I bear to have loved you
“ less

“ less than at this dear moment ? Tell,
 “ me, my sweetest Arpasia, do you think
 “ I could be such a villain ? Can you not
 “ speak to me ? Tell me then with your
 “ lovely eyes.”

ARPASIA, with the utmost sincerity, assured him of her perfect confidence in him, and that her happiness was now complete. He received these assurances with the greatest rapture ; and, at her request, they set forth for the Castle, where they met with the most heart-felt congratulations from their surrounding friends.

THERE is an analogy between the mind and body which shewed itself conspicuously in the looks of Arpasia. At peace with herself and the whole world, her beauty shone forth with added lustre. Oh ! how happy were now the inhabitants of the Castle, and indeed all its environs. For the news soon spread abroad, and Arpasia so entirely possessed the hearts of all her dependants, that felicity reigned in every bosom, while hers expanded with delight and thankfulness to that merciful Being, who had from
 the

the depths of affliction lifted her up to the height of all human happiness.

How pleasing were now her contemplations, which had the amiable Lord Derville for their object ! All was serene and calm. Her days were passed in joy, and succeeded by nights of sweet repose. She had now only to look forward to a series of content, till the great change came, that would make her and her dearer self amends even for the painful separation !

It was not long before Arpasia and her faithful lover paid a visit to the glade—What raptures filled the hearts of the innocent cottagers when they saw the amiable and lovely pair, with the sincerest bliss painted in their faces, descend from the cabriole — Old Greenwood exclaimed, “ I have lived long enough ! ”

“ No no, my good friend,” said his lordship, shaking him by the hand—“ You must live to see me once more your landlord, when this heavenly creature blesses me with the title of husband.”

“LET it not be long then, my dear “blessed lady,” cried the worthy old man—Arpasia blushed, and smiling said, there was much to settle before that resumption could be made—But she should never forget the obligation she owed him, who had kindly reserved her favourite tenants from oppression, when she herself was deprived of the means of protecting them.

THIS sweet and grateful acknowledgment produced the most lively and enraptured return from Lord Derville, who began to think he never should discover the whole of her perfections; and indeed, he had seen but little of her real character—Now that she was perfectly happy, and conscious that she might indulge the innocent and laudable propensities of her heart, her whole frame seemed animated with more than mortal privileges—She appeared exalted above human nature, and even all her acquaintance who used to think her surpassing most persons both in beauty of form and accomplishments of mind, were surprized at the improvements they now daily discovered.

LADY

LADY ANNE would be the sole directress in the most material part of the business, and the most anxiously wished for by Lord Derville. She argued very properly on the matter, that he might look on himself as a disengaged man from the time of Charlotte's separating herself from him.—Her death indeed had been recent; a little more than five months—therefore she would advise them to postpone their union till Christmas, which would bring it to eight, and to fill up the time between, they would go to Bath, and pass a few weeks—That Arpasia should be her guest during their stay, and Lord Derville and her brother by taking a house there, might have frequent opportunities of paying them visits—This was agreed to *nem. con.* and in a fortnight they sat off, accompanied by Sir James and Lady Hawley, who were too much allied to them by inclination and virtues to stay behind.

IN that delightful city they passed their time with that pleasing assurance which accompanies a mutual confidence, and a speedy

speedy prospect of being united forever to their kindred mind—And nothing could be more congenial than theirs seemed to be—one soul, one sentiment actuated each—All who beheld one, instantly discovered the exact counterpart in the other.

THE sweet little Augusta seemed a cement between them—Her artless fondness seemed to endear them more to each other, and between them no one could discern she made any difference.

THE beginning of December, the whole party returned to the castle, which was so soon to hail its new possessor—Affairs however relative to the marriage, called Lord Derville to town, and at the express desire of Arpasia, he disposed of the villa of Sunbury, which had still continued in the same ruinous state the conflagration had left it—It was natural for Arpasia to be partial to her own domain, and Lord Derville had a predilection for a place that had given birth to the woman who alone made up his sum of bliss.

ARPASIA

ARPASIA promised to give up the castle for a week, previous to the ceremony, to her good friends Lady Anne and Mr. Travers, considering herself only as their guests—They entered on their office of making preparations with the utmost avidity and delight, and indeed their assuming the privilege of directors of the revels was a great relief to Arpasia, who, if she had followed the bent of her own wishes, could have conducted every thing with the greatest privacy and quiet.

THESE good old folks, who however had never entered the pale of matrimony themselves, loved such a wedding as this promised to be to their hearts, and were resolved that the general joy should spread far and wide; and only regretted the time of year would not admit of a fete champetre, by which the whole country might have been present, to have enjoyed the jovial scene.

ON the twentieth of December did the enraptured Lord Derville lead his lovely Arpasia to the altar, which had been decorated

corated for the purpose, as indeed the whole chapel had been, where Mr. Brandon performed the service with little less felicity than he had before tied the knot, which had given his daughter to the man of her choice.

WHAT an incense of praise and blessings formed the sacrifice!—The grateful effusions of hearts that had been warmed by the benevolence of the charming bride!

IMMEDIATELY on their return into the saloon of the castle, the lovely little Augusta ran to Lady Derville, and throwing herself into her arms and called her, her dear, dear mamma; the involuntary tear started from the eyes of Arpasia, at this unexpected title from her darling—Lord Derville kissed off the precious drop, tho' his glistening eye spoke the tender emotion of his own heart.

BLEST pair—long may ye live to form each others happiness, and diffuse it all around!

It is needless to bring forward the numerous characters of this piece, like the
last

last scene of a comedy—The vile Lord Carberry met his punishment in being deprived of the comfort which would delight a better father, in seeing his virtuous and amiable son in a state of the utmost earthly felicity—He was deprived of the happiness of having contributed to form theirs; after such a manifest breach of the social duties, to hold commerce with him was impossible—In the surrounding evils that an ill-spent life brought on him, he was by his own diabolical machinations deprived of the attendance of a duteous son, who would have softened his hours of anguish and spoken peace to his soul.

Now all the companions round his couch were such as himself, whom vice had debased, and who by interest alone were bound to him.

WHAT a contrast between the characters of the father and son!—let the observing readers make their comments, and be guided which to copy.

F I N I S.

